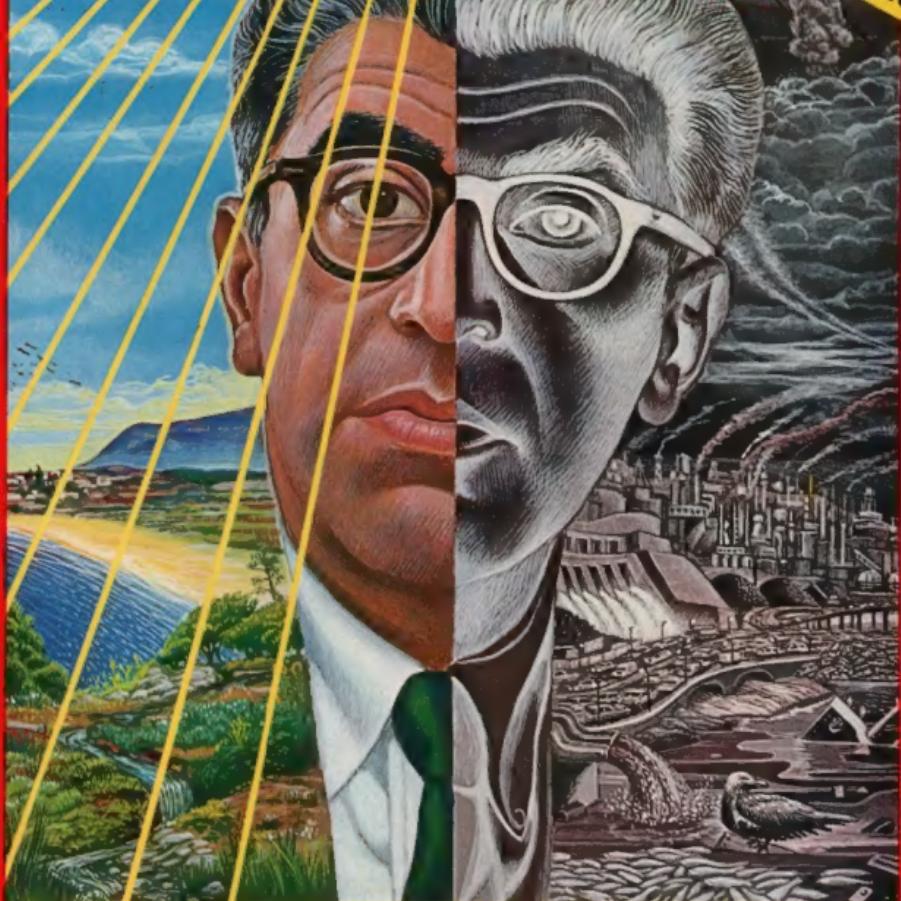


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TIME

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LETTERS

On the Bandstand

Sir: Several of my friends and I agree: The Band [Jan. 12] is playing our song.

JOHN HENDERSON '73

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sir: The Band—just another string and percussion group with the usual funny hats, wearing quite uncomfortably the somber serape of civilization's salvation. What they need is a couple of horns—some professional cats who can speak with a horn a language we all can understand.

P. B. GIBBLE

Mt. Gretna, Pa.

Sir: Of course, The Band's music isn't country rock or any other kind of rock subject to ready, hyphenated labeling. The Band makes excellent popular music, highly personally performed and beautifully performed, distilled from years of dues paying, craft learning and eclectic playing and listening. It takes a great deal of sophistication, consciously or otherwise applied, to make music so perfectly simple. Detached from hype and trend, almost entirely dependent upon their fine heads and solid musicianship, there are a few groups and a few individual performers in the new music who endure and grow, whatever else is going down. They'll never rush the stage while The Band is on, but The Band's music will be fine to hear long after today's teeny pop and supergroups are yesterday's news.

BEN HUNTER

Gates Mills, Ohio

Sir: It was refreshing to see the terms "rock music" and "intelligent listeners" used in the same article. I bought their new album after hearing a 15-second excerpt on the radio and thinking I had found something—only to discover that I had remembered it.

PETER ASHMAN

Washingtonville, N.Y.

Sir: Your cover (ugh!) story reads like the liner notes of an extravagant two-record album. Their music is not unique. They are merely coasting on their former attachment with Dylan. Another example of today's "it's-who-you-know" aspect of rock-world success—both musically and promotionally.

STANLEY F. GRABOWSKI

Intercourse, Pa.

Sir: The beauty of The Band lies not in what they say, but in their ability to communicate all they don't.

TOM ROSS

Lansing, Ill.

Harris Poll

Sir: I cannot buy your tentative explanations of the opinion expressed ("incidents such as this are bound to happen in a war") by 65% of those interviewed in the Harris poll re My Lai [Jan. 12]. If this is a patriotic reflex, as you suggest, then it is the unthinking sort of patriotism displayed by many Germans under Hitler in World War II. Nor can it be explained away by a certain "battle wisdom" of the American people. I venture that no more than 1 out of 10 Americans is a combat veteran. This group is more likely, than Great Silent Majority, of which we have

heard so much lately. Its response on this matter convinces me more than ever that I want to be identified with that dissident vocal minority that is sickened beyond words by this atrocity.

DENNIS R. RYAN

San Jose, Calif.

Sir: Instead of blaming the decidedly mild reaction of the majority of Americans contacted in your Harris poll on patriotism, battle wisdom, callousness or barbarism, why not consider realism?

Perhaps many of us are finally realizing that Americans are ordinary human beings, and that we have in our society many who are capable of committing acts as brutal as those committed by human beings in Germany, Russia, Japan, etc., etc. After all, haven't we had ourselves on a pedestal long enough?

MRS. RALPH B. HESTER JR.

Oklahoma City

No Support

Sir: TIME completely misrepresents my position on the connection between the union election and the Yablonski murders [Jan. 19]. What I actually stated was that I was "convinced that the top leaders of the U.M.W.A. did not direct the brutal murders, but the sordid record of the union, the violence they spread during the campaign, and the possible fear of some lower union officials that Mr. Yablonski might report illegal activities, all contributed to this pattern which led to this heinous crime."

You wrongfully state that Tony Boyle "received some support" from me in his frenzied claims that the union election had nothing to do with the murders. That is sheer distortion of my position. Mr. Boyle and his cronies don't get any support from me as long as they fraudulently misuse the dues of the coal miners for their own benefit and run their union on tyranny. The people of this nation are so shocked by the fraud and strong-armed bully tactics that culminated in the Yablonski murders that I am convinced Congress will take some action to clean up this union.

KEN HECHLER

Representative

4th District, W. Va.

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Man of the 70s?

Sir: Capitalism, personal involvement and humanism, as exemplified by H. Ross Perot [Jan. 12], are essential to the solution of such vexing problems as urban decay, air and water pollution, and social injustices. Certainly the '60s taught us that big government, the Silent Majority, and the don't-give-a-damners won't cut it.

LARRY L. McDOWELL

Manhattan

So Sue Her

Sir: The super sleuths have been on the trail of Mrs. Nixon, and of course they have found her out. Does she smoke pot? Is she a secret drinker? Could she be the secret backer of a string of bordellos?

Hell no, folks. It's worse than that—she's a conservative dresser [Jan. 12]. She has chosen not to shill for the clothing industry, so sue her. I am a miniskirt wearer, but I shall uphold to the death

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of fashion Mrs. Nixon's right to wear a maxi or ignore the whole business, if that's her bag.

(MRS.) SHIRLEY WILSON
Sevenoaks, England

Sir: I am twelve years old, and I'm only giving you my opinion. The lady who picks Mrs. Nixon's wardrobe is a square. That article should have been headed "Re-living the Past."

ANN DULBERG
Manhattan

Who Said It

Sir: In your PEOPLE section, the Hon. Mr. John Lindsay is quoted as saying, "Bedfellows make strange politics" [Jan. 12]. I'm afraid that quote belongs to my uncle, the Hon. Mr. Dean J. Acheson, who made it years ago in reference to Schine and Cohn during the McCarthy hearings. I believe you quoted him at the time.

DEBORAH P. BARBOUR
Bronxville, N.Y.

High Marx for Billy

Sir: Billy Graham's remark that you can get high on Jesus [Jan. 12] supports Karl Marx's statement: "Religion is the opiate of the people."

D. SPANER
Ilesha, Nigeria

Context of Conspiracy

Sir: Under the heading "Police and Panthers: Growing Paranoia" [Dec. 19], I was quoted as follows: "I'm changing my mind and they (the Panthers) will have my support." Since my comments were taken entirely out of context and con-

siderably abridged, this "quotation" is erroneous and extremely misleading.

I have never advocated violence either as a way of life or as a program of action to accomplish desired objectives, whether practiced by the Black Panthers, the Ku Klux Klan, the Armed Forces of the United States of America, or "duly constituted" law enforcement officers of the nation, the states or municipalities therein. Nor do I now. But the fact that I have been unwilling to accept, personally, the violent program of action allegedly being promulgated by some of the leaders of the Black Panthers does not, for one moment, blind me to the injustice, indeed the savagery, which has been dealt them by so-called law enforcement officers. As a responsible citizen who takes his citizenship seriously, I cannot sit impassively by while the law enforcement officers of no matter what city, town or hamlet in this nation declare open season on them and unlawfully shoot them down in cold blood, as if for trophy.

It was in this context, i.e., the conspiracy which so many of us feel exists unlawfully and systematically to murder the leadership of the Black Panthers and thus eliminate them as a "threat," that my comments to your representative were uttered. If and when there are contraventions of law by Black Panthers, or others, there are legal provisions for their prosecution and punishment. Certainly, my argument is not against the application of legal procedure. But justice cannot exist unless it is both dispensed and administered evenhandedly.

EDWARD F. BOYD

Manhattan

Neither Revelation nor Exposé

Sir: In the interests of truth and accuracy, may I point out to your readers and you that the story titled "A Freudian Affair" [Jan. 12] is neither a "revelation" nor an "exposé." The statements of Mr. Billinsky referred to are unsubstantiated hearsay. All the data from unfriendly as well as friendly biographers of my uncle, Sigmund Freud, are counter to Mr. Billinsky's statements about him.

You say in the last sentence of the piece that "Martha, Minna and the man they shared are silent in the grave." This is factually true, as to their deaths, but the use of the word "shared" is a false conclusion drawn from false premises. For your information, my maiden aunt, Minna Bernays, lived with my family as her sister—my married aunt, Martha Freud—as was the custom when maiden ladies had no careers.

EDWARD L. BERNAYS

Cambridge, Mass.

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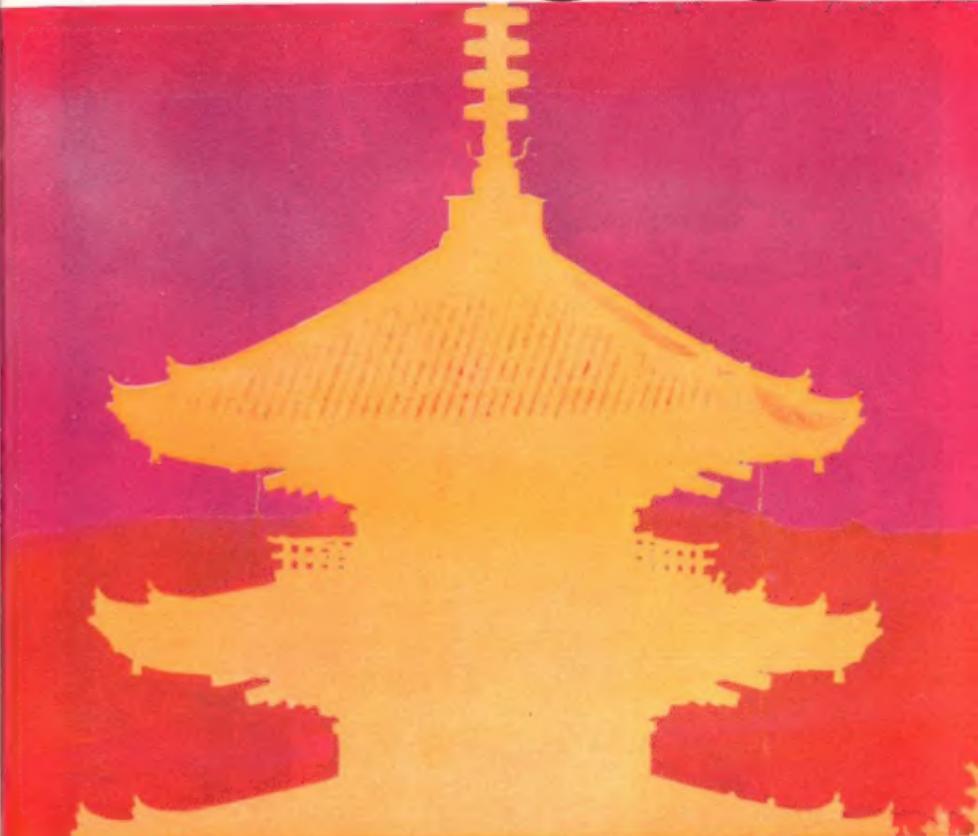
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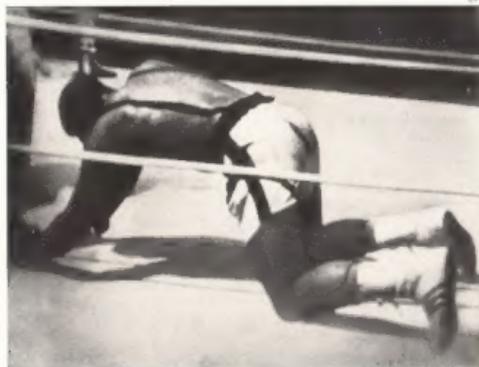
THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES
Numbers

In a few weeks, according to the American estimate, the number of North Vietnamese and Viet Cong dead by actual body count since Jan. 1, 1961, will pass 600,000 men and women. There have long been honest doubts about the accuracy of the body counts, and despite all the genuine efforts of the U.S. military to verify tolls and improve the accounting techniques, the doubts are

Embalming the Legend

Americans who have been fighting against Ho Chi Minh and his forces for nearly a decade may be intrigued to learn that the preservation of a legend is in progress in Hanoi. Soviet specialists are helping the North Vietnamese to embalm Ho's body so that, like Lenin's, it will become a glass-enclosed shrine for future generations—doubtless including, on some distant, peaceful day, American tourists.



MUHAMMAD ALI

Possibilities for a monstrous—but mythical—war.

not likely to vanish. The odd thing is that the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong may have suffered even more heavily than the Allied tallies indicate. American figures do not include the thousands of dead enemy troops borne off the fields by their comrades, or the thousands more wounded who have later died of their wounds.

Counting their battle dead, their captured, victims of fatal disease and the 140,400 who have deserted to the Saigon cause, the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces have probably been drained of about 1,640,400 men during the war. Applying such a loss to the U.S. population base (there are 21 million people in North Viet Nam, plus over 100,000 Viet Cong, v. 200 million in the U.S.), that would be the equivalent of about 15,500,000 Americans lost. And this does not even count the Vietnamese who have died in the U.S. bombings of the North. Proportionately, the North Vietnamese have taken among the heaviest casualties in the history of warfare.

Let Irving Decide

At 57 seconds in the 13th round, Rocky Marciano decked Muhammad Ali (né Cassius Clay) for the third and last time. The fight, of course, was mythical. Last year, a promoter programmed Irving, his National Cash Register 315 computer, with all of the boxers' pertinent fighting characteristics, as evaluated by hundreds of ring experts (TIME, Jan. 19). Before Marciano died in a plane crash, he and Ali mimed a number of possible variations of their fight in a film studio. The promoter, following Irving's scenario, snipped his film into shape and last week offered it at \$5 to \$10 per seat in 800 theaters and auditoriums across the nation.

Such bloodless, theoretical combat offers interesting vistas. Ancient armies sent Davids and Goliaths to fight as their representatives, rather than settling their disputes by wholesale slaughter. Perhaps computers could eliminate even a token bloodshed. If an Irving were installed at the United Nations, he could

be programmed with all of the armaments, tactical wisdom and emotional proclivities of the world's powers. Given an incident on the Ussuri, or trouble on the Berlin Wall, Irving could stage a monstrous mythical war on television screens all over the world—thereby gratifying the voyeurs of violence—and at the end, present a computer print-out announcing the decision. The computer's judgment would be final; it might dictate that the Berlin Wall be torn down, for example, or rule that



DAVID & GOLIATH

the Viet Cong could have a 40% slice of a coalition government in Saigon. But alas, one can also foresee the day when the losers of such mythical combat might, like Luddites, assault the computer with pitchforks.

Retreat for Hair?

The Beatles helped shape the style of the '60s. Apart from their music, it was first their shaggy and then cascading hair that gave the young, especially in America, a cultural badge with which to display their parents, identify themselves and render barbers suicidal.

John Lennon and his wife Yoko Ono were among the most densely forested. This month a hairdresser was secretly called in to shear them. John kept his beard but emerged looking like an earnest young seminary student. Yoko's locks were cropped in the old Mia Farrow style. Their motive was to avoid being recognized in crowds, but American parents may hope, probably in vain, that the event will set a new tonsorial style for the '70s.

Summons to a New Cause

PRESIDENT Nixon's State of the Union message illustrated anew how swiftly a once radical idea can become national consensus and good politics. Only a few years ago, the notion that the quality of life in America is not good enough, and that the U.S. is wantonly despolishing its physical environment was the concern mainly of left-wing critics, grumpy academics and dedicated conservationists well out of the main stream of U.S. politics. Yet last week the President effectively moved to assume personal command of the gathering battle for a better environment.

Eloquently limning the broad goals for the 1970s, summoning Americans to a new "age of reform," Richard Nixon was inspiring in evoking the image of a refurbished and replanned

one else—could hardly welcome the President's priorities. The only area in which he promised immediate new funds was that of law enforcement.

Even the most partisan Democrats could only cheer the President's desire for the nation to "make our peace with nature." Environmental ills certainly constitute one of the greatest dangers facing the U.S. (see cover story, page 56). Attacking those ailments has a special appeal for Americans; in large part they are technical and mechanistic problems that involve processes, flows, things and the American genius seems to run that way. Yet there is perhaps also the subtle danger that U.S. opinion may succumb to an element of escapism in a massive concentration on environmental problems. It could lead to a shifting of

sense. But it should not divert the nation's attention from the very specific and urgent problems of social justice and racial equality.

Only 40%. In a general State of the Union speech, the President was justifiably vague on precisely how the pollution problems will be attacked. He promised a new program for purchasing open spaces and park lands, intensified research and stricter standards for control of automobile exhausts, and "the most comprehensive and costly program in America's history" to clean up water pollution. For this, the only specific proposal in his speech, he said he would ask Congress to support a \$10 billion program to put modern waste-treatment plants in U.S. cities. But as later detailed by aides, the Federal Government would provide only 40% of that amount, with states and cities paying the rest.

The President commendably gave



TEDDY ROOSEVELT

The new age of reform, the disappointment of words unaided

America. Perhaps the finest line in his speech was the assertion that "our recognition of the truth that wealth and happiness are not the same thing requires us to measure success or failure by new criteria." He issued a timely call for a new selflessness: "The greatest privilege an individual can have is to serve in a cause bigger than himself."

Peace with Nature. With what the President said, few could disagree. Yet what he chose not to say was somewhat disturbing. While properly focusing the energies of the nation on the need to remedy its physical ills, an undesirable byproduct of its growth and affluence the President referred to the problems of the nation's blacks only fleetingly in endorsing "equal voting rights, equal employment opportunity and new opportunities for expanded ownership." There was no mention of racial tension—a curious omission in describing the State of the Union in 1970. No one could quarrel with the President's desire to combat crime, but blacks—though they themselves suffer more from crime than any

priorities in which the overriding need to improve the social environment would be slighted. Certainly it is necessary to clean up Lake Erie, but this is also much easier than improving living conditions in Harlem.

True, a genuine restructuring of the U.S. landscape that would reverse the flow of black migrants from farms to crowded cities would ease the problems of the ghetto, perhaps even give the hard-pressed cities time and room enough to do more in eradicating slums. To some extent, improving the quality of life of any American sooner or later improves the quality of life of all Americans: water, air and green space know no class or color distinctions. The President quotes Theodore Roosevelt in a special statement in the current issue of *FORUM* magazine, which is devoted to environment. Roosevelt, writes Nixon, "described the conservation and proper use of natural resources as 'the fundamental problem which underlies almost every other problem of our national life.'" Today, that may be true in a general

high priority to "a total reform of our welfare system" and properly chided Congress for not having taken any action on his plan to have the Federal Government finance all welfare payments, including a guaranteed minimum income for all families. He promised a separate message later on foreign affairs, but he did reaffirm a policy of diminished U.S. global involvement. He also claimed that in Viet Nam "the prospects for peace are far greater today than they were a year ago."

Progress by 1976. Over the long range, Nixon indicated that he expects the nation's economic growth to provide ample funds for handling new programs. For the short run, he warned of the dangers of inflation, promised to produce a tight and balanced federal budget, and blamed the spending policies of Democratic Administrations of the 1960s for virtually the entire rise in the decade's cost of living.

While a successor will have to complete Nixon's dream for the nation later in the decade, the President was op-

lumistic enough to expect great progress by 1976, when the U.S. celebrates its 200th anniversary. "I see an America in which we've abolished hunger, in which we've checked inflation and waged a winning war against crime. I see an America at peace with all the nations of the world." Clearly, Richard Nixon has every intention of presiding over the fêtes and fireworks of America's entry into its third century.

THE CONGRESS Battle Over a Billion

Fresh from nearly a month's vacation and eager to face the challenges of a new decade, members of the 91st Congress reconvened last week and got right to work—trying to pass a money bill that should have cleared their chambers in the spring of 1969. The bill's one that will fund most operations of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for fiscal 1970, a year that began last July. It takes in almost all of the Government's aid to education, including funds for libraries, student loans, vocational training and ghetto schools. The congressional tardiness is already causing some colleges to be turned down when seeking loans and some school officials to say that they will have to cut their academic year short if the money does not reach them soon.

Where to Trim. The hang-up is largely political. Because the \$19.7 billion bill is \$1.1 billion more than President Nixon has requested, he considers it inflationary, and has promised to veto it when it reaches him, probably this week. It was passed by the Senate overwhelmingly (74 to 17) last week and sent to the House for approval of a minor amendment. Congressional Democrats, claiming that they already have cut \$5.6 billion from Nixon's requests, rate education as an item of top national priority and prefer that the Administration trim somewhere else in the fight against inflation. Their argument is a shade too righteous, since \$600 million of the education money is for aid to schools where large numbers of Government workers strain local facilities. These schools are not always among the most needy.

The bill also contains funds for such health programs as hospital construction and public health service grants to states. If the President does veto it, the battle will shift first to the House, where a two-thirds majority vote would be required to override the veto. It would then have to clear the Senate by the same margin. The fight is putting Republicans on the spot, too, because it is difficult to justify the reduction of \$1.1 billion in health and education funds as vital to checking inflation in a nearly \$200 billion budget. Republican Senator George Aiken, usually an Administration stalwart, speaks for many of his colleagues when he grumbles: "The President could have found a better bill to veto."

Once More, with Feeling

"God Almighty, did I say that? It's horrible!"

That was the first reaction of George Harrold Carswell last week when confronted with a blatantly racist speech he had made 22 years ago. The revelation came only two days after Judge Carswell, 50, was named by President Nixon to fill the Supreme Court seat vacated last May by Abe Fortas.

The embarrassment seemed like a playback of the recent Clement Haynsworth episode. That time, Attorney General John Mitchell and the FBI had overlooked Haynsworth's financial dealings, which led to ethical questions and eventually Haynsworth's rejection by the Senate. This time, Mitchell & Co. had apparently been so concerned in check-

Candidates, of course, often say things on the hustings better left unrecorded. But Carswell printed the speech in the Irwinton *Bulletin*, a home-town weekly newspaper that he had operated while he was a Duke University student. The browning copy was found last week by George Thurston, a newsman for the local CBS-TV station and *TIME's* Tallahassee stringer, who aired his findings. Chagrined, a Department of Justice spokesman lamely tried to explain why the FBI had not bothered to check the Carswell contributions to the *Bulletin*. "If an FBI man had stopped to fill his tank" in Irwinton, a town of 700 people, he would surely have caused talk and then the news of the nomination would have been disclosed.



JUDGE CARSWELL

More revered than revered

ing the nominee's finances that they overlooked another bit of damaging information. The Administration's bungle was all the more ironic because the Senate, after the bruising Haynsworth battle, stood ready to accept virtually whomsoever President Nixon chose the second time. Taking full advantage of that license, Nixon picked Carswell, who, like Haynsworth, is a strict constructionist, an interpreter of the law rather than an innovator, and a Southerner, from Tallahassee, Fla.

Carswell had made the speech in 1948 during his unsuccessful campaign for a seat in the Georgia legislature. "I believe that segregation of the races is proper," Carswell, who was then 28, told an American Legion gathering, "and the only practical and correct way of life in our states. I yield to no man in the firm, vigorous belief in the principles of white supremacy and I shall always be so governed."

After the initial shock, both Carswell and Attorney General Mitchell issued statements about the remarks "attributed" to the judge—seemingly a vague attempt to hint that Carswell had never made the speech. Carswell said: "I denounce and reject the words themselves [of the speech] and the ideas they represent. They're obnoxious and abhorrent to my personal philosophy." The statement concluded with the wry comment that "incidentally, I lost that election. I was considered too liberal."

Ambitious. At the time he was running for office, Carswell was two months out of Mercer University Law School, editing the paper and running a local telephone company that he had helped to finance. Ambitious, having fought in the Pacific as a Navy lieutenant during World War II, Carswell might have figured that it was time to leave rural Irwinton, and politics was a way to do it. When his political bid failed, Harrold

and his wife Virginia moved to her home town of Tallahassee.

Carswell, a Democrat, was persuaded by a local newsman to take Eisenhower's side in a radio debate with an Adlai Stevenson backer. Soon he became known as Ike's advocate in Florida, and when the Republicans took office, Carswell was named a U.S. Attorney. He became a Republican, and in 1958 Eisenhower appointed him a federal district judge. Last spring, when Nixon and Attorney General Mitchell were shopping for a Chief Justice to replace Earl Warren, Carswell figured prominently among the contenders. After Warren Burger was named, Carswell was elevated to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth District. Now, after serving in that post for only six months, he will very likely become the ninth and youngest member of the Supreme Court.

Crisp Style. In assessing his colleague, Chief Judge John R. Brown of the Fifth Circuit says that Carswell has "the ideal combination of physical vigor and dynamic personality." He is not, says Brown, "a neutral spirit." In contrast to his pleasant, gregarious manner off the bench, Carswell's decision-writing style is crisp and cautious. New York University Associate Law Professor Leroy Clark, a black former 1st legal Defense Fund lawyer in Florida, calls Carswell "very bright." But, adds Clark, "he was probably the most hostile judge I've ever appeared before. He was insulting to black lawyers, he rarely would let me finish a sentence."

As proof of Carswell's conservative civil rights record, Clark refers to a Yale University Ph.D thesis by Mrs. Mary Hannah Curran, a former political science student and wife of a Washington lawyer. Between 1953 and 1967, according to Mrs. Curran's thesis, Carswell ranked eighth among 31 Southern District judges in rulings against blacks. Most observers agree that Carswell is less an interpreter of the law than Hayworth in every area including civil rights. While he was a district judge, 60% of his 23 civil rights decisions were reversed by the Fifth Circuit Court. In 1963, he dismissed a complaint on behalf of blacks who were trying to attend a Tallahassee theater. The Circuit Court reversed his ruling with the biting comment, "These orders are clearly in error."

Among his decisions for civil rights plaintiffs was a 1962 order that the rest rooms, counters and waiting rooms at Tallahassee's airport be desegregated. In 1965, he ordered his own Tallahassee barber to cut black customers' hair. Civil rights activists complained that these decisions were painfully slow, in contrast to his quick handling of criminal litigation. But while the plaintiffs thought he dallied, the whites in Tallahassee complained that he was moving too rapidly.

In most of his reversed decisions, Carswell had stuck closely to the letter

of the law in ruling against civil rights plaintiffs. Thus, in a suit to desegregate the faculty of a formerly all-black school near Pensacola, Carswell reasoned that the Supreme Court's desegregation decisions in 1954 and 1955 referred only to students, not to faculty.

After becoming a circuit-court judge, he joined in granting a desegregation delay to five Southern states. It was a decision tacitly endorsed by Nixon's Southern strategist, John Mitchell. In mid-January, as Carswell and Mitchell were dining and discussing the impending appointment, the Supreme Court reversed Carswell's decision and told the states to desegregate by Feb. 1.

Upper Class. Carswell's decisions have reflected his close ties to the society in which he lives. As a member in good standing of Tallahassee's ruling class, he seldom misses one of the Co-

in this term, but were postponed. This is a strong indication that the Justices were split 4-4; if confirmed, Carswell might be expected to side with conservative Justices.

Despite protests from black leaders, it seems likely that the Senate will confirm Carswell, even granting his white-supremacy remarks of more than two decades ago. No one wants another Hayworthian donnybrook, and much has changed—not least the attitudes of millions of other Americans about race—in America since 1948. Carswell wants to forget his past, just as many liberals have pleaded for their unreasoned remarks about Communism some 20 years ago to be forgotten. Republican Leader Hugh Scott seemed to sum up the Senate's attitude when he observed: "A wise man changes his mind often and a fool never."



ATLANTA STUDENTS DEMONSTRATING AFTER MADDOX SPEECH
Open encouragement to defiance.

tion Club's four annual formal dinners. The Carswells have four children: two married, two in school, all living in the South. The judge lives on Lake Jackson, putters about his ten acres, plays bridge, and in the fall has a reserved seat at Florida State University football games. Carswell's defenders wonder if, once removed from this parochial atmosphere and faced with broad constitutional questions, he would become less conservative.

His vote will not make much difference on school desegregation, the only major racial issue still to be settled. In the Supreme Court's recent rulings, six of eight Justices have voted that a maximum of eight weeks should elapse between decision and desegregation. Carswell's vote could, however, be crucial in criminal cases and those involving free speech and other First Amendment rights. Several free-speech and dissent cases were scheduled to be heard early

SOUTH Governors Against the Law

In a crassly political, last-gasp attempt to block school desegregation, Southern Governors last week were openly encouraging their constituents to defy the Supreme Court. In Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana, where school districts have been ordered to desegregate by Feb. 1, the Governors were making speeches and leading rallies against the court. The latest court order also applied to Archsegregationist John Bell Williams, Governor of Mississippi, who had watched helplessly as 29 of his state's school districts were desegregated by court order after the Christmas recess.

All school districts will eventually go the way of Mississippi's, but the Governors were letting white voters know who was to blame. The eloquent calls ranged from Florida Governor Claude

Kirk Jr.'s flat announcement that his state was "financially and physically unable" to meet the deadline, to Lester Maddox's threat to enlist other Governors for a march on Washington.

In New Orleans, the state school board convention no sooner had voted "support of public education to the end" than Governor John McKeithen told the delegates: "I will not allow my children to be bused." McKeithen, who has ambitions to run for the Senate, had brought along a more moderate speech, but realized that there was more political capital in the defiant version. He was right. The speech was televised, and immediately afterward his office received 1,500 calls and telegrams endorsing his stand. In decrying busing McKeithen and the other Governors are largely attacking a straw man. They talk as if busing were the law; in fact, the Supreme Court has not ordered busing and seems unlikely to.

Of the five Governors confronting the February deadline, none is more nervous about the political implications of

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

Spiro of '76?

Reports circulating that Mr. Agnew plans to ads since his well-known "Southern Strategy" by dumping Mr. Nixon from the 1972 ticket in favor of Strom Thurmond were hotly denied by Agnew aides.

Columnist Arthur Hoppe's apocryphal news item as Spiro Agnew returned from his Asian and Pacific trip recently was not meant to be taken seriously. Neither was President Nixon's welcoming remark, in which he jokingly warned the Veep to "watch out how good you're getting." There is, nonetheless, a certain edge to the jesting these days. Spiro Agnew is emerging as a politician and a power in his own right as no Vice President—including Richard Nixon—ever did.

Agnew's attacks last fall on the news media, the Eastern liberal establishment and war protesters touched a responsive chord in America. Agnew is "really a

mired by Americans showed Agnew an unprecedented No. 3, after Nixon and Billy Graham. He is still the butt of jokes at chic Washington cocktail parties but over at the White House the sly little Agnew jokes so popular among staffers six months ago are no longer heard. The Veep's picture, rarely in evidence at first, now shares the walls of the basement corridor with Nixon's.

Despite the appearance in California of "Agnew '72" buttons, there is so far no sign that Nixon is jealous of his No. 2's popularity. Says one White House aide: "Agnew's standing vindicates the old man's judgment at Miami. You remember how he was criticized."

Time to Goof. There is little doubt that Agnew has come a long way since the 1968 campaign, when his chief contribution was a tendency to alienate voters. He is now seen as a man whose political instincts were underrated. Even those who regard his peccadilloes as outrageous are no longer amused: Agnew's popularity has put new muscle behind his words. His attacks have made television commentators notably more cautious in their postmortems. His gaffes on the Asian and Pacific trip—such as nearly sitting on diminutive Philippines President Ferdinand Marcos—were largely overlooked by a chastened press.

Republicans now eagerly look forward to the Veep's carrying their party's banner in the fall election campaigns. But Democrats are hoping that the original, bumbling Agnew will somehow shine through. "His popularity won't last," says one Democratic National Committee official, adding with perhaps more wishfulness than conviction. "He'll have plenty of time to goof up between now and November."

JUSTICE

Too Cruel for the Cruel

At Arkansas' Tucker prison farm, "the Tucker telephone" was a fearsome means of communicating the superintendent's displeasure. It consisted of an old-fashioned crank-phone apparatus that was wired to the genitals and one of the big toes of recalcitrant prisoners. When the crank was spun, the recipient of the message was shocked nearly unconscious. James Bruton, the superintendent who designed and used that device, resigned in 1966 when state officials began a series of investigations of brutality in the Arkansas prisons (TIME, Feb. 9, 1968). Last week Bruton pleaded no contest to charges that he violated prisoners' civil rights by administering cruel and unusual punishment. The penalty he received was considerably more compassionate than many he himself had dealt out.

The maximum permissible sentence that could be imposed on Bruton under the federal Civil Rights Act of 1871 was a \$1,000 fine and one year in prison. Federal Judge J. Smith Henley imposed the full penalty, complained that it was too light, and then made it even

AGNEW & WIFE BEING WELCOMED HOME FROM TRIP
New muscle behind the words.

the court order than Alabama's Albert Brewer. Brewer had been a responsible conservative during his first term but now faces a possible primary challenge from George Wallace. The result is that he has turned strident, calling for defiance of the court and saying, "I will tell [local school boards] to resist" the desegregation orders. The pity is that many school boards, businesses, labor unions and parents are struggling, however reluctantly, to accept the law of the land and to prepare for what is inevitable. But they are being undercut by the Governors, who seem persuaded that there are still more points to be made in the South through racism than moderation.

booming stock right now," says an aide. Tickets for upcoming Agnew appearances in Atlanta are selling out fast, and he is booked into Florida and Mississippi. A Florida dealer has sold 30,000 "God Bless Spiro Agnew" posters. In California, one enterprising printer is marketing 50,000 "I Like Spiro" bumper stickers. Others cropping up on America's bumpers include "Sock It to 'Em Spiro," "Spiro Of '76" and "Agnew Tells It Like It Is!" In Pennsylvania, Spirophiles have started SAFARI, "Spiro Agnew Fans and Rooters Inc." Republicans around the nation are clamoring for Agnew appearances.

A recent Gallup poll on men most ad-

lighter. He suspended execution of the prison term and released Bruton on a year's probation. Henley's explanation: "The court doesn't want to give you a death sentence, and quite frankly, Mr. Bruton, the chances of your surviving that year would not be good. One or more of these persons or their friends with whom you have dealt in the past as inmates of the Arkansas penitentiary would kill you."

CRIME

A Hand from the Grave

"Jock's hand reached back from the grave and caught his own killers." The words were those of the attorney for Joseph ("Jock") Yablonski, slain insurgent candidate for the leadership of the United Mine Workers Union. They fairly characterized the capture of three suspects in the murder. Yablonski, 59, had spent the last few weeks of his life in steadily mounting terror. Fearing assassination, he began keeping a gun at his bedside, installed floodlights outside his secluded Clarksville, Pa., home, and kept a list of license-plate numbers of unfamiliar cars in the area.

One of the cars belonged to a Cleveland house painter, Paul Eugene Gilly, 37, who had come to Yablonski's home on Dec. 18, ostensibly to ask for help in getting a job in the mines. Local police turned the slain man's list of license plates over to the FBI, and last week Gilly and two others, Auburn Wayne Martin, 23, and Claude Edward Vealey, 26, were arrested in Cleveland and charged with shooting Yablonski, his wife and his daughter in their beds before dawn on Dec. 31.

According to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, "Yablonski had been stalked and his residence eased on several occasions. Forceful entry was made into the Yablonski home, telephone wires were cut, and automobiles on the property were disabled." Yablonski's daughter Charlotte, 25, was shot first, as she slept, then Yablonski's wife, Margaret, 57, then Yablonski himself as he lunged for his shotgun.

Hamburgers. Yablonski's anxiety began last summer, when he became the first insurgent to challenge U.M.W. leadership in 43 years. He lost the bitterly contested election for president on Dec. 9, but charged irregularities that the Labor Department is now investigating. Yablonski's two sons claimed that the murders had grown out of the election, but U.M.W. President W. A. ("Tony") Boyle denied any union involvement. Last week, after the arrest, the union issued a statement saying that "We are most happy to learn that they [the three suspects] apparently have no connection" with the U.M.W.

The FBI has not yet said that, indeed, the sons' contention that the murders were related to union affairs was borne out by federal charges against the suspects that they killed Yablonski to prevent him from testifying before a



Drifting from the hills to failure.

federal grand jury. The jury is investigating the alleged mishandling of U.M.W. pension and retirement funds. But Yablonski, a 30-year U.M.W. veteran, had numerous enemies, any one of whom could conceivably have been hurt by Yablonski's reform efforts or his grand-jury testimony.

About the only thing that could be reasonably assumed from FBI information was that the three suspects had not acted on their own. None were known as coal miners and robbery was not a motive. Moreover, whoever ordered Yablonski murdered did not have access to the services of professional killers—or chose not to employ them. He could scarcely have come up with a sorrier clutch of losers—"a bunch of hamburgers," according to one courthouse veteran.

Who or Why. Products of the grim Appalachian hills, the three had drifted to Cleveland and failure. Gilly was once arrested for nonsupport of his family. Vealey was on parole from a burglary conviction. Martin was serving a 55-day term in the workhouse for assaulting a policeman.

The killings were amateurish, with fingerprints left at the scene. The accused had in their possession guns that FBI ballistics experts are comparing with bullets recovered from the victims. At week's end FBI scuba divers dredged up mysterious evidence from the bottom of the icy Monongahela River near Clarksville. The investigation was broadening into other states, including a Boyle stronghold in east Tennessee, and more arrests were expected. Meanwhile, the Senate announced a major investigation into the U.M.W. But the FBI refused to reveal who, if anyone, they suspect wanted Jock Yablonski dead—or why.

THE DRAFT

Curbing the Boards

When David Earl Gutknecht laid his draft card at the feet of a federal marshal in Minneapolis during a Viet Nam War protest in 1967, Selective Service Director Lieut. General Lewis B. Hershey was not amused. After similar acts of defiance by other potential draftees, Hershey sent a memorandum encouraging local draft boards to discipline the protesters by accelerating their inductions as rapidly as Selective Service regulations would permit. Thereupon Gutknecht's draft board declared him "delinquent"; six days later he was jumped ahead of nondelinquent registrants and ordered drafted. He refused to submit and was convicted and sentenced to four years in prison.

In a unanimous decision, the Supreme Court has just reversed his conviction, declaring such discipline punitive and illegal. It was the court's second recent slap at vindictive draft boards. In De-

A designation applied to registrants for violations from failure to keep their draft cards to not reporting changes in address.

ember, 1968, it ruled that boards could not judge a man delinquent and then deprive him of statutory exemptions from military service such as those granted to divinity students. In the latest ruling, written by Justice William O. Douglas, the court said that Congress never intended to give the Selective Service "freewheeling authority to ride herd on the registrants, using immediate induction as a disciplinary or vindictive measure." The board's action, said Douglas, was "a type of administrative absolutism not congenial to our lawmaking traditions." Justice Potter Stewart and Chief Justice Warren Burger concurred, but on the narrower grounds that the draft board had violated Selective Service rules by starting Gutknecht's speedup before giving him a chance to challenge his delinquent status.

The court made it clear that the Government still can prosecute young men in court for violating the regulation that requires them to keep their cards. So Gutknecht is not off the hook. And like other young men currently "delinquent" for similar reasons, he is back in the status that he held before his act of defiance. Gutknecht was 1A.

RACES

Muslims in Alabama

When the white residents of rural, depressed St. Clair County, deep in the pines of north central Alabama, heard last fall that the Black Muslims had purchased nearly 1,000 acres for a farm and ranch in the county, they were horrified. Tales spread that the black separatist cult planned to bring hordes of blacks onto the farm, seize political control of the county and drive out the whites. Some rumors even had the Muslims using the farm as a staging area for commando raids on the dingy nearby towns of Pell City and Ashville.

The reaction was swift and predictable. It began with officially sanctioned moves, and was encouraged when Gov-

ernor Albert Brewer declared full state support for efforts to drive the Muslims out. The state filed several suits seeking to invalidate the Muslim purchase. Farm workers and whites dealing with the Muslims were repeatedly arrested on spurious charges. The tiny Pine Forest Missionary Baptist Church, whose cemetery is surrounded by Muslim land, filed damage suits of \$250,000 against the Muslims for trespassing. Unofficial harassment was even worse. Six cows on the farm were shot and killed. Ray Wyatt, the white Pell City automobile dealer who sold the acreage to the Muslims, began receiving a dozen threatening phone calls a day. Acid was poured on cars in his lot. Then just before Christmas, his office was ravaged by fire.

Court Order. In mid-December, a temporary court order halted the officially sanctioned harassment. This week civil-liberties lawyers backing the Muslims and their few white partners are scheduled to go into U.S. District Court in Montgomery to seek a permanent injunction against the anti-Muslim drive. Nevertheless, local resistance to the Muslim intrusion remains high in St. Clair, where about 85% of the residents are white.

The Muslim public relations man, Walter Turner, claims that fears of a black takeover are groundless. The Muslims, he says, have no plans other than turning the farm into "the showplace of the South," to supply high-quality food to Muslim restaurants and markets in several northern cities. The modern, \$750,000 farm, with its own meat packing and vegetable-canning operations, will provide 150 badly needed jobs for black and white local residents, add taxes to the county's income, and boost the business of local suppliers. But whites, remembering the fire-eating rhetoric of Malcolm X and the violence that has on occasion erupted among Muslims, remain unconvinced.

Much of the uproar came about as a

result of the way the Muslims got their land. Ray Wyatt, 41, a gospel-singing segregationist, is hardly the sort to advance the cause of the black man. Yet it was he who sold his 376-acre Big Beaver Ranch to the Muslims for \$115,000 last May. He claims that he did not know he was dealing with the Muslims at the time. But there was little doubt of Muslim involvement in July, when Wyatt and a local dentist, Dr. Robert McClung, sold the Muslims an additional 541-acre parcel for a quick \$20,000 profit. McClung, similarly, was an unlikely ally of the black man; he is past president of the local John Birch Society. Their neighbors were particularly enraged, since the pair had apparently been motivated solely by profit. In addition to the land sales, Wyatt was also offered the job of personnel manager at the farm, and the Muslims promised to buy trucks and cars from him.

No White Women. Wyatt professes that he acted not only for profit but to bring new industry to St. Clair. He also expresses growing admiration for the Muslims. "The more I find out about the Muslims, the better I like 'em," he says. "They don't believe in smoking, drinking or adultery; they have no interest in white women; they believe in hard work and segregation."

Ray Wyatt's brother Wallace, 45, does not agree. Wallace first exposed the land deal. Later, he signed a trespassing warrant against his brother. Wallace Wyatt says he regrets the need for such action, but explains: "I'd rather see my brother in jail than with the Muslims. I feel like when they get through using him, they will kill him."

The Muslims have remained generally unperturbed at the uproar, except for one remark by Turner that, if the whites resorted to violence, "we will send a thousand Muslims in there" to fight back. Instead, they have sought relief in the courts while continuing to look for other expansion sites in the South. There are reports that the Muslims have



MUSLIM FARMER IN GEORGIA



Six cows dead and the cemetery off limits.

ALABAMA'S RAY WYATT ON HIS FARM



SORRY, MR PRESIDENT BUT MICHAEL J. BRODY JUST GAVE US ALL AWAY



Four-letter abuse and seven days to save the world.

quietly bought up to 50,000 additional acres below the Mason-Dixon line.

So far, the Muslims have proved themselves exemplary neighbors. Similar Muslim farms operate in Michigan and Georgia, and neither has encountered the resistance met in Alabama. Both have small work forces recruited from local labor, and local white businessmen have been highly pleased with the operation. The Muslims, in fact, offered to fly St. Clair County businessmen to Georgia to inspect the farm there and hear white testimonials but so far there have been few takers.

AMERICANA

"The World Is One Big Put-On"

In one of his more memorable stunts, Yippie Abbie Hoffman gleefully showed dollar bills onto the floor of the New York Stock Exchange—*pour épater le bourgeois*, to freak out the straitjackets. Michael James Brody Jr. can work on a grander scale. He began by passing out \$25,000 in tips during his honeymoon in Jamaica. Back in New York by way of a 707 jet chartered for \$7,066, Brody announced that he had \$25 million to give away to anyone who asked.

People believed him, for when he passed his 21st birthday last October Brody came into an inheritance from his grandfather, John F. Jelke, who became a millionaire producing Good Luck margarine.* Brody came on with a whacked-out messianism, a combination of Terry Southern's Guy Grand in *The Magic Christian* and Kurt Vonnegut's saintly, alcoholic millionaire in

God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater. Brody passed out \$100 bills to children in Harlem, laid \$500 on a heroin addict. "You will love? You'll get love," he proclaimed. "Money Cares. If you want my death you can have that too."

As he frenetically distributed his wealth (\$60,000 in one day, by his own accounting), the poor, the greedy, the curious and the con men swarmed to his house in Scarsdale, N.Y., to stand in the 10° cold, waiting for handouts. The telephone company finally had to give him a new, unlisted phone number; incoming calls were paralyzing the local switchboard. In Manhattan, Brody rented an office on Broadway as a clearinghouse for his largesse. Ed Sullivan introduced him on television as "the wonderfully generous Michael James Brody," and the lad loosely strummed his guitar and sang a Bob Dylan song.

Destroy or Create. But as rapidly as Brody had cracked into the consciousness of America, the façade began to flake. His bank enigmatically refused to honor Brody's checks; "at this time What was Brody really worth?" "I've got a hundred billion," he said. "No, that was yesterday. Maybe I'm worth a trillion today." Actually, Brody inherited only a part of the income on the \$6,881,000 estate his grandfather left in 1965. Estimates of Brody's worth range from half a million dollars to as much as \$3,000,000 or \$4,000,000.

Brody began elevating what had started as grandiose charity to a form of free-associating, hallucinatory good will. "I can cure cancer," he said. "Anyone who believes in me can never die. I need seven days, and I'll save the world." He turned up at the gates of the White House to see the President about his plan to end the war. Then, rather weirdly, he told a television interviewer, "I would suggest that Nixon make me a

general in the United States Army and I'll go [to Viet Nam]. I can destroy as well as I can create." He claimed to have 48 missiles with which to destroy the world and threatened to "sell out the New York Stock Exchange and create the greatest depression in the world." As supplicants trailed him around the streets of Manhattan, Brody alternated between hurling four-letter abuse at them and kneeling before them to show his empty wallet.

Freakily Foxy. Many concluded that Brody was either a manic depressive or almost transcendently zonked on drugs. He boasted of having taken over 400 trips on LSD. Everywhere he went, Brody was accompanied by his 20-year-old bride Renee, a quiet, fey brunette who says she met the heir last December when she was dealing some hashish to a friend of his. On an impulse excursion to Puerto Rico last week Mike and Renee trailed a cloud of marijuana smoke behind them.

Others claimed that Brody, foxily freaky, was simply promoting a singing career for himself. Indeed, last week he signed a contract for more than \$10,000 with RCA Records; as soon as he had cashed the check, he distributed every dollar of it to office workers whom he met in corridors.

The less amusing part of the caper involved the poor who believed that Brody could really offer them some hope. Wrote Columnist Pete Hamill, whose prose sometimes savor of Killarney chicken fat: "The hopes he aroused will be lying around our streets for more than a few seasons, wormy with betrayal, like the carcasses of abandoned dogs." As for Brody, he explained in a bellow to TIME's Len Levitt: "I'll never be happy as long as there are wars, starving children. I'm just a big put-on. The world is one big put-on."

* Another Jelke, Brody's Uncle Mickey, enjoyed brief fame in 1955 when he was convicted of running an expensive call-girl service on Manhattan's East Side.

Revisionism: A New, Angry Look at the

EVERY epoch recreates its own concept of the past. As the climate of opinion shifts over the course of a generation, so do historians' views of history. A series of events as related by one historian may be altered beyond recognition by a later one. Such is the case with American history today. Traditional notions of the past are being busquely challenged from the left by a group known as revisionists who emphasize not the homogeneity and accomplishments of the American heritage but its massive dislocations and conflicts. Though forming a diffuse movement rather than a well-defined school, they have a growing influence on the study of history. At last December's meeting of the American Historical Association, their candidate for president, Staughton Lynd, the ex-Yale professor who now works with Radical Organizer Saul Alinsky, received nearly one-third of the vote.

The revisionists have a particular quarrel with the dominant scholarly voice of the recent past, what they call "consensus history," as exemplified by such diverse writers as Richard Hofstadter of Columbia, Daniel Boorstin of the Smithsonian Institution, Henry Nash Smith of the University of California at Berkeley, and George Kennan of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. The consensus historians, who came to maturity during World War II and the early years of the cold war, exhibit an understandable hostility to totalitarianism in their writings. By contrast, they emphasize the spirit of compromise and accommodation in American history. Compared with the violence that racked the Old World, the New seems to them refreshingly free of sustained class and sectional strife. They feel that the pluralism of American life has blurred ideological divisions between rich and poor, between agrarians and urbanites. They are friendly to the realistic practicing politician and denigrate the self-righteous crusading reformer.

In place of this relatively benign view of America, the revisionists have portrayed a land of teeming passions and deep-seated, almost irreconcilable disagreements. Some revisionists accept the class warfare theories of Karl Marx, most of them owe a considerable debt to Progressive Historian Charles Beard, who interpreted the American past as an economic struggle between haves and have-nots. Since most revisionists took part in the civil rights or antwar movements of the past decade, they make an easy transition to a study of previous periods of intense struggle: the Revolution, the Civil War, the Populist revolt, the efforts of labor to gain recognition. Compared with the America summarized in contemporary textbooks, theirs is indeed another country.

Viewpoint of the Masses

The weakness of consensus history, argue many revisionists, is that it is elitist. It reflects the viewpoint of the political and economic establishments that left the most voluminous records. Revisionists concentrate instead on writing history, in the words of Roosevelt University's Jesse Lemisch, "from the bottom up." This presents problems of its own: the masses do not leave much in the way of records. Nonetheless, Revisionist Stephan Thernstrom of Brandeis University was able to overcome this obstacle in his *Poverty and Progress*, by making an imaginative use of U.S. census reports. Generalizing from shifts in population, occupation and income in a typical Massachusetts industrial town, he concludes that there was much less social mobility in 19th century America than is commonly assumed. Few laborers repeated the Horatio Alger story and moved out of

their class, although in the course of a generation some rose within it. Only a high rate of movement between towns, says Thernstrom, prevented the development of a permanent proletariat in the European fashion. Similarly, Revisionist Leon Litwak of San Francisco State College combed newspapers, letters and legislative records of pre-Civil War days for his *North of Slavery*, which contends that anti-black prejudice existed on a much wider scale than has been suspected. Litwak found less racism in the South than in the North and West, where many localities enacted laws to keep Negroes out. Americans outside the South objected to the spread of slavery not so much because they thought it was evil as because they were terrified that the despised black man would move to their part of the country.

Doctrinaire of the Center

Many historians have viewed the Civil War as a tragic, unnecessary accident: Revisionist Eugene Genovese of the University of Rochester regards it as the inevitable clash of two highly developed and mutually exclusive class structures. In *The Political Economy of Slavery* and *The World the Slaveholders Made*, Genovese characterizes the "slavery" as a self-contained culture with an authentic life-style and ideology of its own. He quotes even his mentor, Karl Marx, for failing to understand that the Southern "way of life" served as more than a veneer for the exploitation of the black man. It seems anomalous for a Marxist to offer a defense of the old South, but the strength of Genovese is that he believes in respecting the enemy. He feels that the admirable qualities of Southern statesmen, from Thomas Jefferson to Robert E. Lee, were inseparable from the tradition that produced them. "If we blind ourselves to everything noble, virtuous, honest, decent and selfless in a ruling class," Genovese asks, "how do we account for its hegemony?"

Consensus historians have generally given high marks to the "Progressive Era" of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, and to F.D.R.'s New Deal, for accomplishing significant reforms within a democratic framework. The revisionists are not willing to concede so much. To Gabriel Kolko of the State University of New York at Buffalo, the Progressive Era represented not the bridling of predatory big business by the Federal Government but rather the capture of Government by business. In *The Triumph of Conservatism*, Kolko argues that most Government regulation was enacted at the behest of leading corporations, which wanted railroad legislation, meat inspection or fair-trade laws to save them from increasingly anarchic competition. They lost no time gaining control of regulatory commissions like the ICC that were intended to supervise their activities.

In one of the revisionist attacks on the New Deal, *The Conservative Achievements of Liberal Reform*, Bernard Bernstein of Stanford criticizes F.D.R. for inviting big business to take part in such governmental enterprises as the NRA, which gave capitalists a power over federal policy that they had never enjoyed before. It was only when threatened politically by Huey Long that Roosevelt moved to the left, and urged higher taxes, Social Security and a system of unemployment compensation. The scourge of big business, concludes Bernstein, was nothing more than a "doctrinaire of the center."

It is almost axiomatic with consensus historians that violent revolutions do more harm than good. But in the best revisionist work to date, *Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy*, Barrington Moore Jr. of Harvard makes a strong case for the necessity of revolution. Without such a revolution in its past, he declares, a nation cannot achieve industrial democ-



LYND

American Past

ocracy. Revolution is necessary to destroy the reactionary power of the agricultural interests that impede modernization: both large landholders and peasantry. Because Germany and Japan had no revolution, landowners were able to combine with industrialists in both countries to take power. Since democratic forces were too weak to challenge this union, it eventually culminated in fascism. In Russia and China, on the other hand, an untamed peasantry became the backbone of another successful authoritarian movement: Communism. But the Puritan revolution in England and the 1789 revolution in France effectively crippled the agricultural powers and opened the way for modernization along democratic lines.

The one social revolution in the U.S.—the Civil War—succeeded only partially, according to Moore. The radical reconstructionists failed to win the land redistribution in the South that would have assured the ex-slaves their freedom. Still, the power of the landowners was sufficiently reduced to prevent them from later joining with Northern capitalists to impose a form of totalitarianism on the U.S. Considering the horrors attendant upon revolution from below (Communism) and revolution from above (fascism), Moore prescribes revolution only as a last resort, and under certain specific conditions.

The most debatable revisionist reinterpretations have involved American foreign affairs. The U.S., revisionists say, has become the imperialistic aggressor of the cold war, while the Soviet Union, even under Stalin, is seen as essentially cautious and realistic. In *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy* and more recently in *The Roots of the Modern American Empire*, William Appleman Williams—perhaps the longest-practicing revisionist—contends that the American pursuit of an open-door policy has brought it into conflict with nations around the world. Williams interprets every act of U.S. diplomacy in the light of his neo-Marxist conviction that capitalism must always expand in search of new markets. Thus the U.S., while claiming to be championing Chinese integrity against the Japanese invasion of Manchuria, was only interested in China as a source of trade. This economic compulsion eventually led to war with Japan, says Williams. In relentless application of this same principle, other revisionists find American capitalist cupidity behind the decisions to go to war in Korea and Viet Nam—a clear example of twisting the facts to fit the theory.

While minimizing the vices of the totalitarian leaders, Cold War revisionists invariably exaggerate the shortcomings of American statesmen. This requires something approaching a conspiracy theory of history. How else explain the fact that U.S. leaders are always doing what they say they are not doing? D. F. Fleming, professor emeritus of Vanderbilt University (*The Cold War and Its Origins*), and David Horowitz (*Empire and Revolution*), one-time director of research for the Bertrand Russell Peace Foundation, accuse the U.S. of having followed a deliberate policy of intimidating Russia. As evidence, they cite events from the Allied intervention in the Russian civil war of 1918-21 to America's rigorous opposition to the expansion of Russia into Eastern Europe at the end of World War II. According to the revisionists, Russia after the war was not being aggressive, but simply establishing security within its normal sphere of influence. The ruthless, bloody way in which the Soviets imposed their rule is blithely brushed over by the re-



MOORE



GENOVESE

visionists. Intimations of conspiracy are liberally sprinkled throughout *American Power and the New Mandarins* by M.I.T.'s linguist-turned-historian Noam Chomsky. He attributes the Viet Nam War to the machinations of amoral technocrats who slavishly serve the repressive U.S. social order.

Marx argued that the rightful goal of philosophy was not merely to study society but to change it. Similarly, the revisionists seek what they term a "usable past"—which means, in effect, a past that supports their present political convictions. The evidence suggests that they have overused the past. Their understandable anguish over the Viet Nam War has led them to condemn American participation in other wars; too readily, they find a link of culpability stretching from one conflict to the next. In so far as they

tend to disregard history that does not serve their needs, they are anti-historical. Thus, when Staughton Lynd, in *Intellectual Origins of American Radicalism*, combs American history to establish a tradition of radicals who shared his vision of a noncapitalist, decentralized society, he plucks out Tom Paine, Lloyd Garrison and Henry David Thoreau as fellow ideologues. This is not history but polemics.

Many revisionists impose too strict a pattern on the chaos of history. By concentrating on inexorable social and economic forces, they do not make sufficient allowance for political, cultural and psychological factors. The accidental in history too often eludes them. The American Revolution, for example, was not necessarily the inevitable product of contending social forces. In his *Origins of American Politics*, Bernard Bailyn points out that the colonial leaders, misled by radical British publicists, developed an almost paranoid fear that the British Crown was adding to its power when in reality that power was waning. This misreading of the times contributed significantly to the movement for independence.

Limits of Economics

A rigid theory of economics is insufficient to explain the behavior of democratic statesmen like F.D.R. and Truman. No doubt these Presidents were interested in the preservation and expansion of American markets. But their foreign policies were determined by other, more significant factors—among them a legitimate and non-economic desire to maintain a balance of power in the world, without which peace is not possible. They were also subject to a variety of domestic pressures, not all of which can be defined in economic terms. As Hofstadter argues in defense of F.D.R.'s prewar policies, "his undeniably devious leadership at certain moments reflected not his Caesaristic aspirations but the difficulties of a democratic politician confronting the force and unhampered initiative of Caesaristic powers"—meaning fascist Japan and Germany. The point equally well applies to later U.S. Presidents confronting Soviet Russia.

It is in the nature of radicalism not to be able to live at peace with the past. History does not prove very comforting to those who yearn for utopian change. That is one reason, no doubt, why the revisionists—with the exception of Moore—have not written works equal to the best of the consensus school. It seems to be true that conservatives—men with a fondness for the past—write the better history; witness Gibbon, Spengler, Henry Adams. The revisionists have a valid point: If the past is not usable, then what is its value? In the deft hands of Moore or Genovese, Marxian class analysis exposes strata of human experience that were not apparent to previous historians. But history is too rich and varied to yield its secrets to one method alone. The revisionists who ultimately endure will be historians first, revisionists second.

THE WORLD

Relief, Reconciliation, Reconstruction—and Rape

THE lights came on again in Lagos last week, ending a 30-month blackout imposed to protect the Nigerian capital from Biafran bombers that never appeared. Unaccustomed to the brightness, bats swooped screeching out of trees to seek darkness elsewhere, and pedestrians stepped neatly over rain ditches they had fallen into during the war. Only half the lights went on again, however; there was not enough power available to light the rest. Plainly, peacetime conditions would not be restored with the mere flick of a switch.

Building Up Jerusalem. That was all too evident in the area of what had been Biafra, where 12 million people had sought to establish a state independent of Nigeria and its 45 million other inhabitants. Nigerian Leader Yakubu Gowon had pledged his victorious government to a program of reconciliation rather than recrimination toward the secessionists. Because of ineptitude and the war's unexpectedly sudden end, which caught relief agencies unprepared, Gowon's peace program flicked on only at half strength. Feeding programs broke down, medical supplies went undelivered and there were countless incidents of rape and looting.

No evidence could be seen of the deliberate genocide against which Biafra's General Odumegwu Ojukwu had warned before he hastily departed from his collapsing nation three weeks ago. Nigerian

leaders, for the most part, made genuine efforts to see that Biafra's Ibo tribesmen were cared for. Nigerian money was rushed in to replace worthless Biafran currency, Ibo civil servants were rehired and their 30-month defection listed as "leave of absence without pay." Gowon, wearing a flowing blue African robe instead of a general's uniform, led a thanksgiving service at Lagos Anglican cathedral. He selected and read the lesson of the service from the second chapter of Nehemiah: "Then I said unto them, ye see the distress that we are in, how Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire. Come and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem that we be no more a reproach."

Foreign observers, after cursory checks of Gowon's Jerusalem, returned to Lagos with arily optimistic progress reports. United Nations Secretary-General U Thant, after two days in Lagos and none in Biafra, said unqualifiedly that "there is no hint, even the remotest evidence of violence by the Nigerian Federal forces." Henrik Beer, secretary general of the League of Red Cross Societies in Geneva, doubted that there had ever been wholesale starvation in Biafra. But hunger remained a very real threat. Gowon adamantly refused to let relief groups use Uli airstrip, a symbol of Biafran resistance. One result of his decision was that many of the 3,500,000 people in Biafra were going hun-

gry. According to some estimates by churchmen and physicians, as many as 1,000,000 Biafrans were on the verge of starvation. Ignoring pleas to stay put, perhaps 1,000,000 refugees choked the enclave's wreckage-strewn roads.

As for violence, the optimistic reports seemed true enough, although Brigadier General John Drewry, senior Canadian on the four-nation international observers' team that is monitoring the war zone for atrocities, made an astonishing statement. "I do not consider it serious," the *Daily Telegraph* of London quoted him as saying about reports of widespread rape, "until ten women are raped in the same place at the same time."

Officers of Colonel Olu Obasajo's 3rd Marine Division were less complacent. They said they had been forced to shoot some of their men for rape and looting. Refugees reported that young girls were fading into the bush to escape "conscription," their euphemism for rape. Concerned, Nigerian authorities prepared to relieve the commandos with the "cooler" 1st Division.

No Miracles. Reports of the commandos' behavior flashed worldwide through dispatches from 80 correspondents who flew into the area on an inspection trip (see following story). Their stories so angered Nigerian officials that the newsmen were detained at Port Harcourt for two days until diplomatic protests freed



Biafran refugees above scuffle for corn meal spilled at a Red Cross center near Owerri. At right, families

cluster in a makeshift refugee camp. Most lost their possessions but have held onto precious food bowls.



them. Later, at a press conference, Gowon defended his troops: "We don't expect miracles. Is anyone willing to say there is not misbehavior in their own armies? Haven't things been happening in Vietnam?" At the same time, acknowledging that the situation was grimmer than he had anticipated, Gowon increased relief funds from \$17 million to \$45 million. He also agreed to accept additional assistance from other nations—with the proviso that Nigeria continue to direct all operations. The U.S., which had already dispatched three portable hospitals and 26 Jeeps, also promised a fleet of relief planes, portable generators, blankets and hospital lamps. Britain sent 25 doctors and 50 nurses. Russia supplied the lead contingent of what will be a 60-doctor party.

Remembering Friends. The crisis is likely to last at least two more months. Only then is Nigeria likely to begin enjoying some of the benefits of a restored peace. Economically, the situation is bright. Oilfields and refineries in the Biafran enclave are already being checked for damage and restored to production; once they are, Nigeria expects total revenues to reach \$1 billion by 1975.

Shortly before the war ended, Gowon said: "Our friends will not be forgotten." As a result, the Soviet Union and Britain, the chief suppliers of arms to the federal forces, will reap some benefits. Moscow already has 500 aircraft and machinery technicians in Nigeria, and a Soviet-Nigerian trading company was recently organized to sell Russian-built cars and trucks. A \$150 million Soviet-built steel plant may soon be started. In the Lagos government's view, the Russians deserve everything

they are getting. "I would give Russia more credit than any other single country," Nigerian Ambassador to Moscow George J. Kurubu said last week.

The U.S., which did not recognize Biafra but encouraged relief efforts to aid its starving people, is in a less solid position. Secretary of State William P. Rogers, who begins a ten-nation African tour in February, will be coolly received in Lagos. Said the *Morning Post*: "No, sir, Rogers is not welcome." But Nigerian officials later insisted that Rogers would be a welcome guest.

No Politics in Exile. One person who has no future in peacetime Nigeria, or perhaps anywhere in Africa, is Ojukwu. After he fled the country, reports placed him in Lisbon, Paris, Geneva, Lusaka, Dar es Salaam, Libreville, São Tomé and Port-au-Prince. According to the story that emerged last week, Ojukwu was flown out of Uli to Abidjan, capital of the Ivory Coast. At the Abidjan airport, he transferred to an executive jet belonging to Ivory Coast President Félix Houphouët-Boigny and was flown 250 miles to the President's summer palace at Yamoussoukro, which is guarded by a pool of crocodiles. Ojukwu had hoped to establish a government in exile, but Houphouët-Boigny coldly informed him that there were to be no government, no political activities and no statements to the press out of Yamoussoukro. Perhaps it was just as well, for Ojukwu supporters are as scarce as food in his former enclave nowadays. An elderly Ibo, gaunt from hunger and weary from walking, was typical. Pausing on the road near Owerri and staring at the desolation around him, he said slowly: "It's Ojukwu's fault. All of it."

What Follows War

"If war is hell," *TIME* Correspondent John Blashill cabled last week from Nigeria, "at least it is organized hell. What immediately follows war can be worse. It is not yet peace, and it is certainly not organized." Blashill was one of 80 foreign newsmen who were given government permission to visit the Biafran enclave. Herewith his report.

In the silent palm forests and broken towns of the region once known as Biafra, the rape and the looting go on. Countless refugees told me this week of being stopped on the road by federal troops. The soldiers stripped them of their belongings, took their money and went off with their women.

Near Orlu, Nigerian marines invaded a Red Cross hospital, took all the food and raped the white nurses. During the brief period I was in Owerri, I saw an attempted rape and an attempt at looting. The looting took place right on the main square in front of most of the visiting newsmen. Several marine enlisted men simply entered a house and started ransacking it. They pulled out a bed and a table before an officer saw them and started shouting in Yoruba. They shrugged and carried the bed and table back inside.

The rape attempt was more dramatic. On the other side of the square, a drunken marine spotted a young refugee with his wife. Neither could have been much more than 20, and they clung together very frightened. The marine demanded the wife and was about to make off with her when a marine lieutenant happened by. The lieutenant pulled out his



Children are the most pathetic victims of Biafra's war. Young patient above, his identification taped to his forehead, is a victim of often fatal protein deficiency known as kwashiorkor. Mother at right holds child whose swollen belly, thin limbs and haggard eyes are unmistakable signs of famine.



45 and shot the soldier in the foot. Neither rape nor looting is condoned by Nigerian officers. One marine was shot to death on the spot when he was found raping an Ibo girl near the Owerri railroad station. He was not even arrested and tried. "There was no need," an officer said, matter-of-factly. "He was caught in the act."

Stampede for Food. In the marketplace at Aba, where perhaps 200,000 refugees gathered, a stick-limbed girl in her teens was carrying home a few scraps of food in an old metal bowl perched on her head. A passing bicyclist jolted her, the bowl fell off, the food was spilled. The girl said nothing. She simply squatted on the ground looking at what she would have eaten that day as people trampled it. She was too numb, too weary to retrieve it.

At a makeshift Owerri food stand where the black-market pineapples cost two Nigerian pounds (\$5.60) stood a young mother with a baby wrapped African-fashion, in the robe around her back. The baby was starving, the mother had no money. She stood there for several minutes eying the food longingly. "We can look," she said eventually, "but we cannot buy."

The Nigerian Red Cross precipitated a riot by setting up field kitchens at Owerri. Two people were killed in the stampede to get food. At the Austrian Red Cross food-distribution center the food ran out. A thin old man, white stubble on his chin, walked away slowly, looking at his empty bowl. "Give chop! Give chop!" he muttered to nobody in particular.

Unforgettable Sound. The Niger Maternity Hospital in Port Harcourt is now the home of 538 babies who were trucked down from a hospital near Orlu, and are on the point of death. They are all suffering from marasmus, the disease of advanced starvation. All have dysentery. Many carry ugly red tails hanging out of their bottoms, the medical term for which is "prolapse of the rectum." Most are too weak to stand. Some are too weak even to sit up and so they just lie there, often face down on the floor (there are not enough beds to go around), their faces resting in pools of mud and diarrhea. Those who have the strength to cry do nothing but cry, and the sound will never be forgotten by anyone who heard it.

In Port Harcourt, His Excellency Lieut. Commander A. P. Diette-Spiff, military governor of Rivers State, married Miss Ethel Potts-Johnson, also of Rivers State. The wedding cake, shaped like a ship, was flown in from Lagos. The wedding dinner for 100 guests included two sucking pigs, three turkeys, 30 cold chickens, eight ducks, one side of roast beef, two goats on a spit, 30 chickens on a spit, various fresh salads, charlotte russe, three dozen bottles of vintage champagne, three cases of Scotch. Among the guests was Lieut. Colonel Phillip Effiong, the last leader of Biafra.

Middle East: The Supersalesman

ISUPPOSE we should have kept in mind," fumed a U.S. State Department official, "that the Cross of Lorraine is also a double-cross." That undiplomatic reaction was evoked by the news that France had agreed to sell not 15, not 50, but 100 warplanes and trainers to the revolutionary regime of Libya for \$147 million, the biggest one-shot aircraft deal in French history.

Initially, Paris had claimed that only 15 planes were involved. Later the French said that the figure was really 50. When French Defense Minister Michel Debré finally upped the figure to 100, feelings between Paris and Wash-

ington ran high. "Will Egyptians pilot the planes until Libyan flyers are ready?" Some Middle East experts think so, though Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser has scarcely enough qualified men to pilot his own Soviet-supplied MiGs and Sukhois. Nevertheless, Egypt and Libya are already military allies, and Egyptians sat in on the technical discussions in France because they knew more about jet performance than the Libyans. Moreover, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, who led the coup against Idris and two weeks ago declared himself Prime Minister, has readily volunteered to help in the fight against Israel. Ac-



ington ran high. "We were not consulted about this transaction," said the State Department (though it was informed of it afterward). Almost immediately, the Quai d'Orsay shot back: "France is under no obligation to supply information to anyone."

Finding Flyers. Libya's instant air force will be financed out of the country's \$1 billion-a-year oil royalties, with the planes to be delivered between 1971 and 1974. The deal includes 50 Mirage 5s similar to French-built jets now being flown by Israelis; 30 sophisticated Mirage III-Es, equipped with a Doppler radar system for low-level approaches and poor-visibility aiming; and 20 Mirage IIIs which operate as trainers and reconnaissance planes.

The nationalist government that ousted King Idris last year may have difficulty finding people to fly the planes. Libya's most seasoned pilot has only 57 hours in jets; he will need at least three years of training to handle one of the hot Mirage III-Es. That raises

according to a U.S. businessman in Libya. "He is quite frank about the fact that his mission in life is to kick hell out of Israel and that any war matériel supplied him will be used to that end."

Restoring Influence. The Mirage deal gives France a number of political as well as commercial advantages. President Georges Pompidou has been trying to restore French influence in North Africa; his program will be helped along as Libyan pilots and crewmen arrive in France for training. France is sending aircraft technicians to Libya. They will maintain Mirages and may operate Wheelus Air Force Base near Tripoli, which the U.S. is evacuating. As part of the arrangement, Libya has agreed to stop assisting the Moslem rebels of Chad, who have been opposing the French-supported Black African government in the former French colony.

For France, which depends on armament sales for 17% of its industrial exports, the Mirage sale is a healthy lift. It could also mean a sympathetic

hearing for French oil companies any time Libya reopens its concessions to new bids. Defending the deal, Debré said "Those people who scream are hypocrites. The Anglo-Saxons are afraid we will take their markets." Debré was referring to the fact that the U.S. had sold Idris ten F-5 Freedom Fighters and was hoping to sell ten more, while Britain was hoping to sell Centurion tanks. The French may sew up the tank market too, one report has it that Libya is to buy 200 French AMX-30s.

The plane sale has brought criticism from many Frenchmen. Wrote *Le Monde* in a front-page editorial: "Either the government is only seeking to feed its arms industry, and in that case it has no reason to maintain its total embargo against Israel. Or it is bent on supporting the Arabs and must explain to the country why." To head off such criticism, Debré revealed that the embargo is not really total. Though Israel has been denied 50 Mirages, Debré explained that the Israelis are at least getting spare parts for the French fighters that they already own.

Qualitative Difference. The U.S. made no secret of its displeasure. Washington maintains that there is a qualitative difference between ten additional F-5s in the hands of King Idris, who kept aloof from the Arab-Israeli conflict, and 100 French planes in the hands of ardently pan-Arab, pro-Nasser Prime Minister Gaddafi. When Nixon arrives for his first presidential visit to Washington at the end of February, he is likely to hear much of the same complaint from President Nixon.

Of course, Washington would rather see French planes in North Africa than Russian planes. But 100 aircraft are enough to unsettle the arms balance in the Middle East and hamper U.S. attempts at evenhandedness. To maintain the balance, the U.S. may well feel compelled to approve the sale to Israel of 25 more Phantom jets, which had been requested but up to now withheld.

Feints Here, Clouds There

Chewing a fat cigar and bundled up against a chill wind at Sharm el Sheikh near the tip of the Sinai Peninsula, Israeli Chief of Staff General Haim Bar-Lev talked to newsmen last week about Israel's military plans. "I regard all Egypt," he said, "as ground for attack." Said another officer: "If they continue to make trouble for us, we will continue to make trouble for them."

Using their old trick of feinting here then clouting there, the Israelis made considerable trouble last week. One day Bar-Lev and Defense Minister Moshe Dayan made a well-publicized visit to the Suez Canal front. The next day an Israeli armored force thundered off into Jordan in search of guerrillas who had attacked a vital chemical plant on the Dead Sea. Next day, while Israeli planes attacked ammunition dumps near Cairo, Dayan and Prime Minister Golda Meir were visiting the Jordan River val-

ley (after the visit, Dayan fractured his ankle in a leap from a helicopter).

While everybody's attention was turned elsewhere, a team of Israeli paratroopers seized the Egyptian-held island of Shadwan at the entrance to the Gulf of Suez, just north of the Red Sea. An old British-made radar unit, used to monitor naval traffic, was on the island. It was not nearly so sophisticated as the seven-ton Soviet installation that was hauled back to Israel from Egypt in December. Even so said an officer, "we will get around to un screwing it and ferry it across the gulf." After a 32-hour occupation, the Israelis dismantled the unit and helicoptered home with it. The raid not only demonstrated Egypt's impotence, but also

GERMANY

A Problem of Patience

Though he is a health faddist who takes plenty of exercise (gymnastics, hikes, pingpong) and abstains from alcohol and tobacco, East Germany's Walter Ulbricht is frequently rumored to be ailing. Last week, at his first international press conference in nine years, the 76-year-old party boss looked surprisingly pink of cheek and spry of limb to the 400 foreign newsmen who flocked to East Berlin's modernistic Council of Ministers Building.

Ulbricht's purpose in calling the press conference, to reply to West German Chancellor Willy Brandt's proposal that the two Germanys enter into negoti-



left the Egyptian naval bases at Hurghada and Safaga wide open to attack until the radar is replaced.

As usual, Israelis and Arabs differed on casualty claims (see *PRESS*). Egypt said that 50 Israelis had been killed or wounded on Shadwan. The Israelis said that they had lost three killed and six wounded, while killing 19 Egyptians and taking 62 prisoners; they added that two Egyptian torpedo boats—which normally carry 20 men each—had been sunk without a trace of survivors. In the 20-hour attack on the Jordanian badlands the Israelis reported killing five Al-Fatah commandos without suffering any casualties. In Amman, however, estimates of Israeli deaths ranged from twelve to 30.

The week of Israeli military successes ended in tragedy. At the Red Sea port of Eilat, an ammunition truck exploded, killing 18 and injuring 42. Though Al-Fatah claimed credit for the explosion, Israeli officials said that it was an accident, not sabotage.

ations for a treaty renouncing the use of force. Between swigs of an orange-colored health drink called "buckthorn juice," Ulbricht, the East bloc's last surviving Stalinist, read a 52-minute speech. Then for the next 90 minutes he answered written questions. After he had finished, there was confusion in West Germany over exactly what he meant. The *Stuttgarter Zeitung* headlined: **ULBRICHT CALLS FOR NEGOTIATIONS WITH BONN; MUNICH'S *Merkur* bannered, ULBRICHT'S POSITION UNCHANGED**.

Slightly Conciliatory. Neither head line was entirely wrong. In his speech Ulbricht made a fresh bid for recognition by declaring: "It is a basic truth that internationally valid agreements on the renunciation of force can only be concluded between states that recognize each other in international law." Thus, he added, Bonn "must prove the seriousness of its intentions by recognizing the German Democratic Republic as a sovereign state."

Then, during the less formal answer

period, Ulbricht struck a slightly more conciliatory note. Waving his arms and pointing his index finger for emphasis, Ulbricht insisted that "we have no pre-conditions for talks." Furthermore, he said that when he sent a draft state treaty it was not on a take-it-or-leave-it basis but as "something we can negotiate and each side make its proposals."

What did Ulbricht mean? Concluded TIME correspondent Benjamin Cate: "What Ulbricht said, in effect, was that East Berlin was ready to sit down and talk with Bonn about negotiations. Even so, he warned that no negotiations could be successful until Bonn met his demand for recognition."

Pressure for Results. As soon as press reports of Ulbricht's statements clattered onto the Teletype in Palais Schaumberg, Brandt and a handful of key aides began to draft a reply. It came in the form of a letter from Brandt to East German Premier Willi Stoph. In his low-keyed four-paragraph note, Brandt wrote that the two Germanys should sit down at the negotiating table, in the first high-level meeting since the rival states were created 21 years ago, to discuss a renunciation-of-force agreement. In Brandt's words, the meeting could lead to a full exchange of views on all outstanding issues between "our states," including the problem of "equal relations" between the two parts of Germany. Brandt named his Minister for Inner German Affairs to be the West German negotiator, but Ulbricht has implied that he might be unacceptable. Ulbricht has appointed his Foreign Minister as East Berlin's negotiator, and wants Bonn to designate its Foreign Minister too, as a tacit admission of East Germany's sovereignty.

Since Brandt considers progress on German problems a prerequisite to Bonn's cooperation with the rest of the East bloc on other issues, he urged an early start to talks. Ulbricht stressed, however, that his talks with Bonn could not begin until the successful completion of West Germany's negotiations on a renunciation-of-force treaty with the Soviet Union, which are only in the preliminary stage.

Apparently, Ulbricht hopes to force Brandt to grant concessions as he comes under increasing pressure in West Germany to show some results for his *Ostpolitik*. Ulbricht has already gained much by playing hard to get. Since Brandt came to power three months ago, Bonn has stopped talking about "Central Germany" or "the Soviet Zone"; it now describes the other half of Germany by its proper Communist name, the German Democratic Republic. Bonn has accepted the existence of two states within the German nation and has virtually abandoned any hope for reunification within the foreseeable future. No wonder Ulbricht stressed at the press conference, "We are a patient people. The question is whether the people on the Western side of the Wall are prepared to show as much patience."

SOVIET UNION

The Tourist Provocateurs

The house lights in Moscow's Opreta Theater brightened for intermission as the first act of *My Fair Lady* came to an end. Suddenly, in the top balcony, a bearded young man rushed to the railing and shouted, "Freedom! Civil rights!" As he flung down fistfuls of leaflets, burly female ushers elbowed into the audience below, crying: "Give them back! Don't read them!" It took five minutes for officials to free the youth, who had handcuffed himself to the railing, and hustle him out.

Such performances are threatening



TERESA MARINUZZI
New sort of soul.

to become a standard feature of protest in the Soviet Union. The young demonstrator, whose leaflets demanded the release of several imprisoned Soviet dissenters, was not a Russian but a touring Belgian student from the University of Ghent. Later in the week, a young Norwegian student was arrested in Leningrad for passing out leaflets. Six days earlier, two young Italian students, Teresa Marinuzzi, 22, and Valtemo Tacchi, 23, handcuffed themselves to a railing in Moscow's downtown TSMU department store and tossed similar leaflets at astonished shoppers. The episode was almost identical with a protest staged last October at the GUM department store, for which two Scandinavian students were deported.

If Moscow is becoming a mecca for young "tourist provocateurs," as *Pravda* calls them, the Kremlin can blame an activist network of European student groups. Most seem politically right-wing, and they have even been called neo-fascist in some European countries. But their chief interest is in protesting violations of civil liberties. The Belgian student represented an organization called the Flemish Action Committee for Eastern Europe. Scandinavia's SMOG is a Russian acronym for Courage, Youth,

Sincerity and Genius) sponsored October's GUM demonstration and the one in Leningrad last week. Both groups, and several others, are in touch with Rome's *Movemento Europa Civilita*, whose Eagle Scout approach to political regeneration includes weekend camping trips and karate practice in the mountains. It was *Europa Civilita* that sponsored the TSMU caper in Moscow.

Founder Mauro Tappella, 26, a student at the University of Rome, says that his movement, now perhaps 2,000 strong, is building a new "European soul." Apparently it can already muster surprising political strength. In a matter of hours, it persuaded 74 members of the 630-seat Chamber of Deputies to demand official efforts to free the jailed TSMU leafleters. So far, Moscow has not obliged. The students, who stand to be charged with "hooliganism," face up to five years in jail.

CHINA

Limited Control

In their early years, the Chinese Communists rejected birth control as "a means of killing off the Chinese people without shedding blood." But the population grew so rapidly that Peking began urging couples to marry late and produce no more than two children. In some areas, families were denied food and clothing coupons for their third and subsequent babies. Now, with the population approaching 800 million, the regime is resorting to methods more reliable than either propaganda or pressure, including abortion and sterilization. It has also acquired a Japanese-made machine that manufactures condoms at the rate of 50 million a year—which is only a start. "Well," observed a veteran Sinologist in Hong Kong last week, "that takes care of the night of Jan. 1."

DIPLOMACY

A Brief Chat in Warsaw

Arriving three minutes late because of a heavy snowfall, the black Chrysler Imperial swung through the massive gate and came to a stop in front of the three-story brownstone Chinese embassy in Warsaw. U.S. Ambassador Walter J. Stoessel and three colleagues strode past a gold-painted statue of Mao Tse-tung framed with light bulbs and upstairs to a large room lit by glass lanterns. There, over porcelain pots of tea, they sat down opposite Chinese Chargé d'Affaires Lei Yang and his three aides. After a lapse of two years, the Sino-U.S. ambassadorial talks were on again.

The meeting lasted only 75 minutes—the shortest of the 135 sessions held since 1955. U.S. sources denied, however, that the brevity was a bad omen. For one thing, Stoessel did most of the talking, while the Chinese refrained from the time-consuming polemics that marred many of the earlier exchanges. The meeting was also free of the arguments that used to be aimed at Mos-



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Cadillac

cow in the days when the talks were held in Warsaw's Mydlewski Palace. It was no secret that the Poles bugged the palace proceedings for Moscow's benefit. Indeed, Stoessel's predecessor, John Gronouski, once said: "It was pretty clear that part of what the Chinese were saying was not said to us. It was being said to the Soviets." Interestingly, it was the Chinese who suggested that the resumed talks be held alternately in the Chinese and American embassies.

At last week's session, Stoessel stressed U.S. interest in easing travel restrictions on journalists, students, and scholars. He also raised the question of the fate of six Americans believed held in China. But he avoided such major issues as Viet Nam and Taiwan.

Modified Maps. Though Stoessel characterized the exchange as "useful," from Moscow's vantage point it seemed quite harmful. With the Sino-Soviet border talks in Peking stalemated, the Russians fear the possibility of a Sino-American deal. Accordingly, a day after the Warsaw meeting, the Soviet Defense Ministry's newspaper *Krasnaya Zvezda* violently attacked Peking for "carrying out an expansionist adventurous course toward China's neighbors."

A further sign of Moscow's fear of an attack came to light last week from an unusual source. Studying recently published Soviet maps, U.S. cartographers have discovered that the locations of countless towns and physical features have been moved arbitrarily by as much as 25 miles. A Western Russian rail center, for example, was shifted ten miles from its true location on a lake shore. Significantly, many distortions involved places in Asian Russia—because they are potential targets for Peking's steadily improving missile capability.

IRAQ

Bloodbath in Baghdad

A disgusted Arab diplomat once noted that few nations can match Iraq at staging "festas of madmen dancing around corpses." In the 1958 revolution, they dismembered Premier Nuri as-Said's corpse. In 1963 they displayed the bullet-riddled body of President Abd al-Karim Kassem on television. Last year they hanged eleven "Israeli spies" and mounted their bodies on ceremonial gallows in Baghdad's Liberation Square.

Last week the Iraqis outdid themselves. Sixteen people were executed by firing squad or gallows for plotting against the Baathist junta of President Ahmed Hassan al Bakr which seized power in 1968. "All conspirators will be crushed to pulp," cried Al-Bakr. Baghdad radio punctuated its attacks on "reactionaries and deviationists" with a new musical number titled *No More Any More*. In subsequent days, 21 more alleged plotters were executed, in addition to seven Iraqis accused of helping the CIA plot a coup last year. So far 98 people have been done away with since the beginning of 1969.

Redefining That Special Relationship

WHEN British Prime Minister Harold Wilson pays his first call on President Nixon this week, a familiar phrase may very well come up during their meeting—the "special relationship." Even today, the phrase conjures up deep and enduring ties between the two countries that may be helpful. Yet it does not come even close to carrying the significance that it did in 1946 when the phrase was coined by Winston Churchill.

The foundations of the special relationship were laid at the turn of the century. According to Henry Adams, it was fostered by "the sudden appearance of Germany as the grizzly terror, which in 20 years effected what Adams had tried for 200 in vain—frightened England into America's arms." There was

Britain's precipitous decline from world power status to that of a second-class nation rendered its alliance with the U.S. unbalanced—and unproductive. As Britain liquidated its imperial holdings, its diplomacy largely lost the ability to influence and aid U.S. policy. Britain's failure to win admission to Europe's thriving Common Market only underlined its role, in the harsh words of one American, as "that butterfly content to flutter pathetically on the periphery of the world." In Europe, West Germany became a far more important U.S. partner; in Asia, Japan.

Says Lord Harlech, whose Washington ambassadorship spanned the transition from Kennedy to the Johnson Administration: "By the time of Lyndon Johnson, the American machinery



CHURCHILL



WILSON

Not exactly what Sir Winston meant

more to it than a fear of German power. There was also more than the common language; as a U.S. official puts it, "the South Africans speak English too." It was a matter of shared history, parallel views of civilization, common traditions of parliamentary democracy and respect for individual rights. When Churchill referred to the relationship in his famed "Iron Curtain speech" at Missouri's Westminster College, he foresaw joint U.S.-British cooperation against the looming Soviet peril, which ultimately might lead to common Anglo-American citizenship. Nobody would go that far today.

End of the Affair. During World War II, Franklin Roosevelt and Churchill set a pattern of close friendship and camaraderie that was followed by their successors through John F. Kennedy. Since 1963, however, the relationship has grown steadily less special

was influenced only by what you could deliver. You couldn't hide it that you were continually asking for money and at the same time withdrawing from one commitment after another around the world. In addition, Johnson gave the impression that he regarded it as a waste of time to deal with the British.

No wonder the British are somewhat distressed that their friends, nearly all members of the Eastern intellectual establishment have been replaced by men of a different background. "For years it's been good old Dean [Rusk], or Walt Rostow [or George [Ball].] says one diplomat in London. "Now there's suddenly Heinrich Kissinger in the White House, basking sweating over the Baden-Wurttemberg election, or names like Ehrlichman and Ziegler." One British writer saw Nixon's election as "the end of the affair."

Nixon's appointment of Publisher

Walter Annenberg as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's has only reinforced that view. Annenberg lacks his recent predecessors' instinctive knowledge of Britain. He also lacks their style. Asked by a Briton for his opinion of the special relationship, Annenberg replied: "I have always maintained that England and America belong in bed together."

Shared Judgments. The special relationship is codified in law in only one instance: The 1946 McMahon Act, in effect, singles out Britain as the sole nation with which the U.S. may share its know-how about nuclear weaponry. But despite the absence of formal bonds and the existence of severe strains, the relationship continues to manifest itself in scores of ways—particularly work routines and friendships. In London, the British Foreign Office has direct telephone lines to only two embassies, the Dutch, as Britain's closest Continental ally, and the American.

In scores of foreign capitals throughout the world, as one U.S. diplomat aptly phrases it, Britons and Americans are used to "sitting on the corner of each other's desks." Sir Patrick Dean, former ambassador in Washington, explains that they try to make certain "that the reasoning is the same, the appreciation of the problem is the same, and the courses open to action are judged to be about the same." Despite a few serious exceptions, U.S. and British policies since World War II have been reasonably compatible. In recent months, for example, the Anglo-American position has been fairly close on Nigeria, the Middle East, and the response to Moscow's call for a European security conference.

Broker's Role. For all that, the relationship is plainly in need of redefinition. When Harold Wilson saw Richard Nixon in London during the President's European tour last year, he spoke only of a "close relationship." Many Britons feel that their country's new role vis-à-vis the U.S. should be as a broker speaking to America on Europe's behalf and vice versa. Perhaps—but the British must remember that Charles de Gaulle drew considerable European support when he barred Britain from the Common Market on the grounds that London was too closely linked to Washington.

With a new bid for Market membership coming up, the British are likely to pay closer attention to the Continent than ever before. That does not necessarily mean that they will turn away from the U.S. "I want to go into Europe," Chancellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins said recently, "to make the Atlantic narrower between the U.S. and Europe as a whole, not to make it wider." Of course, the British alone cannot narrow the distance the Americans will have to help, and it is still unclear whether the Nixon Administration believes that it is really worth the effort.

Levantine Laugh-In

Wits rated it with the Suez invasion as one of Britain's more disastrous Middle Eastern ventures. Prime Minister Harold Wilson hastened to disclaim responsibility for the entire affair. The *Times* of London spoke somberly of "hospitality blasted, of reputations uprooted and of good intentions snatched up and hurled hundreds of yards into limbo." Added the *Times*: "A deafening silence has descended over the Middle East. Only the occasional soft sounds of a tank battle serve to fill the echoing void that has been left by the return home of Mr. George Brown."

Until 1968, when he resigned in a fit



BROWN WITH WORRY BEADS
An echoing void in his wake.

of pique, George Brown was British Foreign Secretary, and today he is an influential though erratic M.P. and Deputy Leader of the Labor Party, widely respected for his administrative ability and integrity. He also tends to be noticed wherever he goes, peering down a well-upholstered lady's cleavage at a party aboard the *Queen Mary* or enthusiastically hugging and kissing a factory girl during a tour of the Midlands. Last week, clutching his familiar amber worry beads, he returned from a three-week non-official tour of the Middle East and officials in both Cairo and Jerusalem were still shaking their heads over the ineffable George's escapades.

► In Cairo, Brown lingered so long with the crewmen of the 14 ships trapped in the Great Bitter Lake by the closing of the Suez Canal that he stood up Arab Commando Leader Yasser Arafat and influential Editor Hassanien Heikal for lunch. During his talks with Nasser, he repeatedly addressed Nasser's adviser on

foreign affairs, Dr. Mahmoud Fawza, as "you wily old bugger."

► Falling into the same old-Socialist habit of exaggerated informality, he greeted Prime Minister Golda Meir with a hearty "Hullo, sister," embraced her as her astonished staff members gaped and, after an 80-minute talk, parted with "Bye, lovey." During a dinner party, he reportedly told Mrs. Meir that she need not speak so possessively about Palestine because "you are merely a Jewess from Russia who came to Israel via America."

► At a dinner with Arab notables in East Jerusalem, he told a prominent Arab businessman who spoke of Arab suffering, "I can't see that you're suffering. You're fat and healthy, you wear an elegant suit, and you're definitely not suffering."

► At Jerusalem's Al Aqsa mosque, damaged by fire last August, an Arab guard refused him entrance because repairs had not been finished. Turning his pockets inside out, Brown quipped, "I have no matches." Everyone winced.

► Dining with Foreign Minister Abba Eban, he asked ex-General Chaim Herzog, former chief of military intelligence, when the Arab-Israeli conflict would end. When Eban tried to say something, Brown snapped, "I am not talking to you." Herzog, who is Eban's brother-in-law, said it would take a long time, then jokingly observed, "In any event, politicians like yourself will not hasten the process."

Brown Wipe that silly smile off your face.

Herzog If we are going to listen to your advice, others will grin in a more unpleasant manner.

Brown That's a most silly reply.

Herzog Silly questions get silly answers.

At that point, British Ambassador John Barnes took Herzog aside. Brown overheard Herzog say "thank you," and demanded to know why. Barnes replied: "Because I told him he was O.K." Brown "You shut up! You are obliged to support everything that I say. Otherwise . . ." Barnes rose and said "That's enough."

Brown's wife Sophie, who is Jewish, suggested that he was tired and might want to leave. George excused himself. Sophie remained—and burst into tears. Next day a handwritten letter arrived at Eban's home from Brown. It was an abject apology.

With that, and with Brown's departure, tempers began to cool. To many Britons, it was just another case of Good Old George's taking several drops too many and acting up. Brown is abnormally susceptible to alcohol—two drinks often are too many. But as the *Guardian* put it, he is "a warm-hearted but temperamental person who often gets a worse press than he deserves." The Israelis also seemed inclined to forget it all. Asked if he was miffed at Brown's antics, Chaim Herzog shrugged: "Oh, no—he is family."

The bargain-hunter's guide to Paris.

le Bon voyage

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There are plenty of nice hotels where you can enjoy the modern luxuries with none of the modern prices. For instance France et Chouvel 339, rue St. Honoré. Friendly, unpretentious with a quiet courtyard, just half a block from the elegant

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MONNAIE

Keeping track of your cash can be both easy and interesting when done in French currency. Here is a breakdown of the current rate of exchange.

New Francs	U.S. Dollars
1	\$1.18
5	5.90
10	1.80
50	9.00
100	18.00

When counting that roll of bills remember that the values are in francs which may still represent old francs. In other words, 1000 francs on a note means that it is worth 11 new francs or \$1.18. You can identify the notes by the people who appear on them rather than the numbers. For instance, a Molière is 500 new francs or 90 dollars. A Bonaparte is 100 new francs or 18 dollars. It's a good system to use, especially if you can remember faces. Avoid collecting and trading faces. For example should someone offer to trade you two Bonapartes for one Molière don't take him up on it.

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**AIR
FRANCE**
le bon voyage.

PEOPLE

Londoners were surprised to see **Mia Farrow** at the opening of *Opium*, a one-man show starring Yul Brynner's son Roc. Mia doesn't get around much any more, for increasingly obvious reasons. No one seems to know exactly when she'll have **Andre Previn's** twins—but Childhood Chum **Liza Minnelli** who has been named godmother for the pair is planning to race the storks to London.

Africans went all out to accommodate vacationing King **Frederik IX** of Denmark. Kilaguni Lodge in Kenya's big-game country even had a special 7-ft bed of mahogany-like m'ulu wood built for the towering (6 ft 3½ in.) monarch. Tanzania's President **Julius Nyerere** gave Frederik and his Queen Ingrid glasses for their coconut milk, but Nyerere himself took an opened shell, sipped back his head and showed them how it ought to be done.

Stance is important. Also grip Keep your eye on the ball. Don't forget to follow through! Golf? Yes, and also a parable for the Christian life, as worked out by **Billy Graham** in a sermon distributed to British golf magazines. Follow the rules, promises the Rev. Billy... and you'll be greeted at the clubhouse by "the greatest pro of all time, Jesus Christ." At the 19th hole?

If trend-setting Couturiers **Valentino Forquet**, **Oscar de la Renta** and others have their way, the well-dressed woman will soon look like **Bette Davis** on *The Late Late Show*. The new low-low hemline has been officially named the **Midi**, but many fashionplates haveunkinder words for it. "Extraordinarily



FARROW
Twin bill in London

ugly," said **Mrs. William F. Buckley**. Opined a Roman beauty: "I hate it—I'm disgusted by it, I think it's horrible" adding sagely, "If it becomes real fashion I'll adapt myself to it." Said **Mrs. Gianni Agnelli**: "I only hope the designers put some slits in it." As for **Charlotte Ford Niarchos**: "I'll wait to see what Paris has to say."

"It is a disgrace for a handful of radicals to disrupt the opportunities of others to get an education in our colleges today," said South Carolina's **Strom Thurmond**. Whereupon his student audience at Pittsburgh's Carnegie-Mellon

University proceeded to disrupt the Senator's speech by pelting him with marshmallows. "Don't be frightened, Senator!" shouted one heckler. "They're not bombs."

After selling **Novelist Philip Roth** a pair of slacks, a clothing salesman in Saratoga Springs, N.Y., looked at the signature on Roth's check and asked what business he might be in. When he learned Roth's occupation, the helpful merchant told the author of bestsellers (420,000 copies plus approximately \$500,000 for movie rights) *Portnoy's Complaint*: "You want some good advice, Mr. Roth? Get out of the writing business. There's no money in it."

While President Nixon delivered his State of the Union address, his predecessor was off fishing. Tanned and fit-looking, **Lyndon Baines Johnson** left Acapulco for a day's deep-sea cruising in the Pacific but not before sounding very much like a politician about to make a move. Mexican President **Díaz Ordaz** was in a good Mexican trip: "Acapulco is the place we enjoy," the Mexican people "the people we love." Does the ex-President really have any ambitions south of the border? A certain Texas judge was rumored to be acting in LBJ's interest when he leased a hacienda and a Texas-size ranch (50,000 acres) in the mountains of Chihuahua.

Resplendent in a magenta shirt and fringed-leather jacket, **Dr. Timothy Leary**, 49, the guru of psychedelia, heard a Laredo, Texas, jury convict him for the second time of smuggling marijuana from Mexico in his daughter's underwear. "Stay loving and keep cool," advised the smiling impudent, whose first conviction for the 1965 border incident was thrown out by the Supreme Court. I am sorry the Government learned nothing in five years."

Speaking of theater critics, his least favorite people, **David Merrick** once snapped: "I want people to stop swallowing the pap these mediocrities are churning out." But as a prosecution witness in the obscenity trial of the raunchy off-Broadway sex-and-protest farce *Clé*, the Broadway tycoon churned out some pretty potent criticism of his own: "Patently offensive, vulgar, lewd and very dull." Playwright **Lennox Raphael**, in Merrick's view, "had no talent whatsoever and should seek vocational guidance."

Shortly before his election to France's august Académie Française, **Eugène Ionesco**, playwright of the bizarre, opened a grab bag entertainment called *Inédits Ionesco* on the Left Bank. The collection of sketches and fragments was favorably received. Still, several seats were left unvailed, indeed, they were not for sale. Ionesco insisted on sprinkling the audience with human-size dummies of dogs, cats and jackasses.



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No show in Rome.



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THE PRESS

Other Side of the Fence

Things have changed since President Johnson left town. All the pictures of Texas heroes I put up in the Press Office are gone—Sam Houston, Davy Crockett, Bonnie and Clyde. The secretaries even answer the telephones differently. They used to say "Press Office, you all." Now they say: "Batten Barton, Durstine & Osborn."

Bill Moyers was back in town, marking his first speech in Washington since he left three years ago, and one thing that had not changed was his sense of humor. The former Press Secretary to LBJ is now on the other side of the fence as publisher of Long Island's *Newsday*. The view, if anything, seems fannier.

Moyers recalled some imaginary advice he had given Johnson. For instance, when LBJ wanted to show the people he was "human like everyone else," Moyers said, "Gee, why don't you show them your scar?" Then there was the time when LBJ asked Moyers' advice on whether he should run in 1964. Moyers' suggestion: "Why don't you ask Mrs. Johnson?"

President Nixon got his in a mock news story read by Moyers. One passage: "After lunch, the President, in keeping with his policy of soliciting different views on major issues, held a discussion on Viet Nam with Joseph Alsop, William Buckley, William White and Bob Hope." Asked by other guests for his views on the role of a free press in a democracy, Nixon delivered "a vigorous 10-second response."

Klein's Desire. Another passage had several targets. President Nixon "had lunch with Vice President Agnew, who is leaving tomorrow on a national speaking tour which will take him from Birmingham to Montgomery. The Vice President returned only yesterday from a trip abroad. In keeping with Herb Klein's desire not to burden the public with unnecessary details, it was not disclosed where the Vice President has been. Rumors that he went to Asia were spawned by one White House source who reported, in an anonymous German accent, that when Mr. Nixon asked Mr. Agnew if he had seen the pagodas, the Vice President replied, 'Seen them? Why I had dinner with them.'

Agnew's attacks on the press and broadcast news received more serious attention from Moyers. Like others he flunked Agnew for accuracy. But at the same time he chided newsmen who accused Agnew of intimidation. Moyers also warned both sides of the fence about the camaraderie in Washington among those who make the news and those who report it. "This tacit allegiance between the government and the press," Moyers declared, "is far more harmful to the public than the adversary relationship."



PUBLISHER MOYERS
Dinner with the pagodas.

War of the Communiqués

It was, according to a military spokesman in Cairo, the biggest raid ever carried out on the east bank of the Suez Canal. 250 Egyptian commandos crossed at the south end of the Baulah Cut, stormed Israeli positions, forced the enemy to withdraw three miles, blew up all the abandoned equipment and fortifications, planted the flag of the United Arab Republic, held their ground against everything the Israelis could throw at them for 24 hours, and then returned to base.

Nothing of the sort, according to a military spokesman in Tel Aviv: "No Egyptian force stayed in our area for 24 hours. No Egyptian infiltrated any Israeli fortification, or stayed in one, or destroyed one." The Cairo claim, the Israelis added, was nothing but "a morale-boosting fantasy."

It was and it wasn't, according to United Nations observers. What really happened was that 30 Egyptians crossed the canal opposite a U.N. post at the north end of the Baulah Cut. As near as could be determined in the darkness, the Egyptians peeked over the embankment on the Israeli side, then crawled back and waited. At dawn they moved into holes on the embankment and stayed put while the Israelis called down artillery fire. As darkness fell again, the Egyptians planted a flag and withdrew to the west bank.

Hyperbole Showing. So it goes, day after day, in the Arab-Israeli war of the communiqués. Generally, foreign correspondents cannot visit battlefronts to see firsthand what is happening. And U.N. observers are not always in a position to supply even a secondhand ob-

jective account. So the correspondents often find themselves reporting little more than a credibility conflict in which the chief casualty is truth.

Neither side is usually guilty of outright lies. But the Arab countries, especially Egypt, exaggerate constantly, while Israel leans toward suppression. It does not seem to matter to the Arabs when their hyperbole is clearly showing. For instance, the combined Arab forces claim to have shot down 249 Israeli aircraft during 1969. Yet, by the estimate of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London, Israel in mid-1969 had only 275 aircraft, including transports, trainers and spotters.

Nobody in Egypt, and obviously not Nasser, seems to believe such figures. When Nasser announced last spring that 60% of the Bar-Lev line had been destroyed, he carefully included the phrase, "General Fawzi tells me." A current joke in Cairo goes, "If it took us nine months to destroy 60% of the Bar-Lev line, how long will it take us to destroy the remaining 100%?"

Why bother to falsify reports? In Nasser's case, the aim is probably to convince the outside world, particularly other Arab nations, that Egypt is doing some damage to Israel. As for his own people, it matters little if they don't entirely believe everything they read about the battles, provided that the battles remain remote. "Very few Egyptians pay any attention to what is going on far from them," says a neutral military attaché in Cairo. "If they did get excited about their country being at war, it would be the worst thing possible for Nasser. People would start asking what those 100,000 soldiers facing 10,000 Israelis on the canal were doing."

Word of Mouth. While Nasser may be able to get away with news distortion in Egypt, the Israeli government does not deceive its citizens. A Western diplomat in Tel Aviv says: "Here the object is to keep everyone on edge all the time. These people have to be ready to pick up their guns and run for the front whenever the phone rings, day or night. The price the government pays is that it must present the facts." But sometimes it delays formal announcements, to the annoyance of the foreign press. Israel also censors the copy of foreign newsmen, although, unlike Egypt, it informs newsmen of cuts occasionally. It can be argued into restoring them.

In Israel's closely knit, family-oriented society, its people often stay abreast of the war by word of mouth. When the Israelis captured and carried off an entire Egyptian radar station on Dec. 26, half of Tel Aviv knew about it within 24 hours. "My wife heard about it at the hairdresser's," an Israeli officer recalls. "My daughter heard about it at her dancing school." But the government did not confirm the story to newsmen for more than a week, and has been similarly slow or suppressive with other information for foreigners.

**"Person
to person"
sales plans...
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or
business
nightmare?**

Today, hundreds of thousands of people all over this continent earn part or all of their incomes through serving their friends and neighbors, in their homes, with a variety of products. This is known as "direct selling." Many direct selling plans include a feature whereby the "distributors" can also sponsor others in becoming distributors and share in the profits from the increased retail sales volume that results. This is known as "multi-level direct selling."

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Unfortunately, not every multi-level direct selling plan is as sound as Amway's. Some can be and have been warped into "recruiting rackets," "wholesale buying clubs" or "inventory loading schemes." In each of these cases the "profits" are fictitious because no substantial amounts of goods are ever actually sold at retail, to consumers. There is no real profit...but the tragic losses to many who "invest" in such plans are very real. State and Federal agencies are always at work exposing and stopping such schemes, and Amway endorses their efforts to protect the unwary.

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4. The Amway Opportunity is the same opportunity for everyone . . . you can't "buy" a preferred Amway position. Earned success is the only real success, and all successful Amway distributors (and there are many) have earned their way.

5. The Amway Sales Plan has a long successful history . . . it is no unproven "fast buck" opportunity that may fade away next year. Over one hundred successful Amway products have a broad market demand that will be unfilled for many years to come.

6. Amway Corporation develops and manufactures its own products, in its own plants, laboratories and other facilities representing a multi-million dollar capital investment. Amway employs over 1,000 people, including a staff of over forty product research specialists, and a rigid quality control department.

7. Amway's principals have unquestioned integrity . . . a long background of personal success in multi-level direct selling . . . a 25 year performance record in

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Investigate before you invest!

If you are being asked to join a multi-level direct selling plan, look into it carefully before you invest. Use the above ten statements as a check list...we have underlined certain words which are the keys to a good sales plan. Ask yourself if the plan you're considering includes each of these features. The answer should be "yes" every time...or you should proceed with great caution.

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MODERN LIVING

Hirsute Hats for the '70s

Wigmakers have long argued that two heads are better than one, but women took some convincing. Human-hair wigs looked like a million, but cost in the hundreds and got dirty, limp and frazzled like the real thing. No sooner was a girl washed, cut and set for the week than it was time to book another appointment—for her wig. Cheaper, synthetic versions did not require such constant upkeep, but then, neither does straw or barbed wire—which they closely resembled. Finally came a new blend of modacrylic fibers—that looked like hair, felt like hair, but could be washed and hung out to dry like a pair of stockings without losing a millimeter of style. Moreover, the lightweight cap of hair was infinitely stretchable, would fit any size head. The stretch wig was on its way to the top.

Fashion designers sensed the approaching boom, and got a head start. By the end of 1968, ready-to-wear stretch wigs by Adolfo and Halston were available for \$30, and just this month Vidal Sassoon put his own brand on the counters. In only a year, the leading firm in the field, Abbott Tresses, increased its stretch-wig sales from \$200,000 to \$10 million and stands every chance of more than doubling the amount by the end of 1970. Says Max Moskowitz, head of sales, "It's like a fairy tale." To assure a happy ending, Mr. Moskowitz warns customers of the few snarls involved: "Don't wear the wig when you are looking at a roast, excessive heat makes it frizz. Don't use a nylon brush, it causes static. Don't comb and brush when wet, the set can come out." Otherwise, he beams, "just wear, and enjoy."

Los Angeles Siege. Across the U.S., women are doing exactly that. Mostly they are career girls, over 25 and under 50, but Los Angeles' Bullock's Westwood reports a siege by curly-headed, bell-bottomed U.C.L.A. coeds looking for the new shaggy, straight styles. The majority of customers stick closely to their own hair color. "Either they're letting their own hair grow long," explains the manager of Joseph Magnin's spare hair department, or "they are between visits to the hairdresser. Also, they may want them for after the pool or the gym, or just to get a different look." Sometimes the look is a little too different. Nina Blanchard, owner of a model agency, picked up a flame-colored number, faced the mirror and shrieked "Red Skelton in drag!"

Still, at an average of only \$25 a head, more and more women seem willing to take the chance. At Boston's Jordan Marsh, Hair Goods Buyer Paul Senecal reports that many customers are repeats. "Because of the low price," he says, "a woman can wear the one that suits her mood. If she wakes up feeling dull, there is her plain brown, but

if she wakes up feeling sexy, she can put on the platinum blonde."

In the South, the wigs are selling like grits. Dallas' Titch's Northpark Store does a monthly business of \$15,000. Explains the department manager: "It's such a convenience in the heat and humidity." And in the office. Says one Atlanta lawyer, "My secretary used to spend at least 15 minutes out of every hour rearranging her hair. Now, all that fiddling time is saved, and I don't have to smell that awful hair spray."

Fervent Proselytizer. A balding Miami businessman liked his wife's wig so much he went straight out and picked



NATURAL HAIRDO



ADOLFO 'WAIF'



SASSOON WIG



HALSTON 'HEDI'

For everything but a roast.

up another—for himself. A fast trip to his barber, who trimmed it to a long-sideburn look and he was off to the office. But not all men are so enthusiastic. A Miami housewife, ready to leave for the hospital to have a baby, was ordered by her husband to leave her blonde stretch wig home. "My husband insisted the baby see the real me," she explains. Geoff Miller, managing editor of *Los Angeles Magazine*, is somewhat more permissive. "As long as they don't fall off in the middle of an embrace," he says, "they're O.K. I'm so used to artifice now that the only thing I really care about any more is that it's a genuine girl and not a transvestite."

Though stretch wigs will allow women to avoid long hours in the beauty parlor, Manhattan Hairdresser Kenneth Battelle is not in the least intimidated. He is preparing to launch his own line in March (five styles in 20 shades for \$50 each) and, like most converts, has become a fervent proselytizer. "Wigs," he says, "are the hats of the '70s."

Dial 686-2377 for NUMBERS

Five numerals and a prefix was hard enough. Seven numerals was clearly pushing it. With the addition of three more digits—for area code—phone numbers became endless strings of digits, impossible for all but the strong-minded to remember. Was there a way to give them shape, meaning, character? What about referring to the dial and decoding the digits back into letter form—changing telephone numbers into telephone names? That was 255-7465 made ALL PINK, 744-7226 the even more colorful PIGS CAN. The phonetics game was slow in starting, but today it is only the phone company that won't play.

San Franciscans dial POPCORN to get the correct time, and LOST DOG for the SPCA reports. In Berkeley, RICE MOST reaches Giovanni's Pizza Parlor, and in Chicago, CARPETS connects a caller with the Walton Carpet Co. To reach the Houston Post's classified department, patrons are advised to dial WANT ADS. In Dade County, Fla., the telephone name of a mortgage company is FREEDOM. A Pontiac auto dealer in Los Angeles is available at OO GO FUN, the Suicide Prevention Office at HELP NOW; and most startling of all, for a recorded sermon from Hollywood's First Methodist Church, interested parties simply dial GOD DAMN. (MONKEYS, which used to connect callers with the Los Angeles Zoo, has recently been disconnected.)

Dedicated Telephonefist. There is, of course, a margin of error connected with the game, specifically in the possible confusion between I's and 1's, 0's and O's. Dialing a wrong telephone name may also bring on an operator asking "What number did you dial, please?" Instead of trying to explain, it is usually far easier to hang up and call again. None of this deters a dedicated telephonefist like Los Angeles Mathematician Angela Dunn, who has created words out of most of her friends' numbers. A pharmacist and his wife for whom she invented GRADLUP were so pleased that they now regularly serve a drink they have christened the Gradiup (vermouth and Scotch). San Francisco Producer-Director Alan Myerson, whose old Los Angeles phone was named GOOLYGO, always answered it by saying "goolygo" instead of "hello." Other Los Angeles phone names under which Myerson was once listed: HOLY PIG and ON A SONG.

Some fans of the game carry it one step further. Author Don Mankiewicz, for example, played it the easy way for years with I DECIDE for an office number, UP STICK for home. But he changed offices last fall, and today acquaintances who want to get in touch with him are told to dial the answer to the question "What do you use to blast your wif through the ice, Amundsen?" Those still interested in making the call can reach him at TNT BYRD.



In Honduras, gasoline costs 52¢ a gallon.

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*You've
always
had
it
in you*

*Scandinavia just
lets
youself
go
on
SAS*





You're in Stockholm's Old Town with four centuries of shops to catch up on.
Twisting and turning its cobbled alleys till you're lost in the laughter
of a playground where scrawls of yellow flowers sprawl across a fence.
And a bunch of wild yellow heads scrunch your hands in theirs,
runping you down the street and over the hill into the sunlight of
the Square near the Palace. In one swift insight
you know where you are: you're in Scandinavia where springtime lives.
All on its own all the laughter inside you ripples out.
And all the children off and running send back waves
They'd do the same in Denmark and Norway.

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We say thumbs down on sameness. It throws a damper on a business trip. And turns a long-awaited vacation into a routine event.

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Photo: Century Plaza Hotel, Los Angeles



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SHOW BUSINESS



DONALD SUTHERLAND IN 'START THE REVOLUTION' & KELLY'S WARRIOR
Overcoming an identity crisis.



Who Was That Guy?

Until recently Actor Donald Sutherland was the kind of person who got overlooked at cocktail parties. The face was familiar, but then hundreds of guys are tall (6 ft. 4 in.) and skinny (185 lbs.), with blond hair, blue eyes, bellied teeth, slightly bowed ears, and a resemblance to a tall pencil or a short television tower. Meanwhile, in one film after another for the past two years, Sutherland has been filling the screen with a low-key presence that has left critics grasping for adjectives and audiences grasping for his name. All that is changing, however, for he is becoming established as one of the finest talents in the cinematic youth movement.

Says Director Paul Almond: "He's so different in every role that people who have seen him several times cannot recognize him later." In *Interlude*, with Oskar Werner, Sutherland played a bumbling family friend; in *Joanna*, a fading, dying aristocrat; in *The Split*, a hired killer; in *The Dirty Dozen*, a fumbling draftee. The identity crisis will soon be overcome, however, with the release of *M.A.S.H.* this week and *Start the Revolution Without Me* next week. In *M.A.S.H.* he portrays a zany surgeon operating behind the lines during the Korean War, while in *Revolution* he doubles up on himself playing both a nobleman and a peasant, who in turn pose as their opposites. With this double bill, Sutherland will not only be remembered, but at 34 is probably on his way to becoming readily recognized by both critics and audiences.

Until his student days at the University of Toronto, Sutherland had never been inside a theater. Then he took a

role and was cast in a local production of *The Male Animal*. After graduating, he headed straight for the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. The result was a competent but totally obscure repertory actor who lived a stereotyped hand-to-mouth existence, once in a basement for \$2 a week. "It was an excellent deal," Sutherland told TIME Correspondent Jon Larsen. "I lived right next to the hot-water heater and was warmer than anyone else in the building."

Sutherland's first roles were in ghoul films (*Die! Die! My Darling!*, *Dr. Ter-*

ror's House of Horrors). "I needed the money and the experience." From the scare flicks it was a struggle to MGM's *The Dirty Dozen* in 1968. As one of the bottom six of the *Dozen*, a slack-jawed soldier with a head as impenetrable as a Government-issue helmet, Sutherland so impressed Director Robert Aldrich that he ordered up the tour-de-force scene where Sutherland impersonates a general and inspects the troops on an American Army base.

Un-Hollywood Man. Coming up in 1970, in addition to *M.A.S.H.* and *Start the Revolution*, are two more Sutherland films. In *Kelly's Warriors*, a World War II farce, he portrays an oddball tank commander named Oddball, Canadian Producer-Director Almond has starred him in *The Act of the Heart* with Mrs. Almond, Geneviève Bujold. Although now based in Hollywood, Sutherland is very much the un-Hollywood man. Most of his clothes are hand-me-downs from his movies, and his only two luxuries are his sports cars, a Ferrari and a Lotus (on which he is still making payments). A big evening is dinner with his wife in an obscure restaurant, a movie, listening to records (anything from Mahler to The Cream) or playing with his three children.

He figures that movies are "a director's medium. It all happens in the cutting room. As an actor, you can only bring so much to a film. As a director, there is almost no limit." With that in mind, Sutherland bought himself a movie camera and spent the holidays filming his family. He has not seen the results and fears he may have used the wrong lens. But he insists: "I just know I can do it." Audiences can only hope that Director Sutherland will not rob them of Actor Sutherland

TELEVISION

Not Worth a Second Look

Television's dark age seems to be continuing into the 1970s. The 1969-70 season began dimly last fall, and the "second-season" replacement shows that premiered last week did not exactly brighten the picture tube.

Except, perhaps, for admirers of Johnny Cash and country music, in that order. *The Johnny Cash Show*, a fill-in hit last summer, is back on ABC with more of the Nashville sound. Another fair-weather favorite, *Hee Haw*, has returned to CBS; a bucolic *Laugh-In*, the show has a certain nitwit charm—for about seven minutes.

The only other new program with a glimmer of interest is *Pat Paulsen's Half a Comedy Hour* (ABC). Smothers Alumnus Paulsen led off with an embarrassing sketch played in Minnesota with Hubert and Muriel Humphrey. The comic, who supposedly had a stalled car and no overcoat, took pratfalls in snow drifts while the former Vice President, who

was all bundled up, made interminable chatter. Other opening-night visitors were Daffy Duck (in animation) and the unthinkable Debbie Reynolds. The one amusing bit in the whole 30 minutes was the closing segment in which Pat pleaded with the "Nielsen families to keep tuning in. Tearfully, he suggested that if low ratings caused cancellation of the show, "over 75 people will be out of work . . . The money received from tonight's show," he said, "went to help my little boy's puppy recover . . ." When the sequence was over and the cameras presumably off, Paulsen turned, dry-eyed, to the director. The question was crisply professional: "Is that it?"

The Tim Conway Show, which premieres on CBS this week, is also a witless formula sitcom, starring the ex-McHale's *Navyman* as pilot of a broken-down, one-plane airline. In the first episode, Conway gets locked out of the cockpit in midflight. Hilarious.

Nanny and the Professor (ABC) is

MUSIC



JOHNNY CASH

King of the golden records.

yet another despicable pastiche of overused situation-comedy staples. Put together one beleaguered widower (Richard Long), three oppressively cute kids, one English governess with psychic powers named Phoebe Figalilly (Juliet Mills), a pack of frolicsome pets, and what do you get? *Mary Poppins*

The Engelbert Humperdinck Show (ABC) is an egregiously ordinary variety hour headlined by the British singer who got nowhere until he changed his name from Gerry Dorsey. He has a passable baritone and is now purportedly worth about \$8,000,000. But why can't he hire some writers?

Unbearable as these shows are, none is half so painful as *Paris 7000* (ABC), featuring George Hamilton as a trouble shooter at the U.S. embassy. George is all that remains of the most expensive (original budget nearly \$8,000,000) debacle in TV history. *The Survivors*. The series was glued together in the frantic eight weeks since ABC gave up on the original program. George professes to believe that in *Paris 7000* there is "more of the real me," which is to say the patina beneath the suntan of a man who after eleven years in acting still has only two expressions—a saturnine scowl and a smirk.

ABC ads last week urged America to take a new look" at the 1969-70 season. Why? Of the 30 series introduced this year, only one is at all distinctive: *Room 222*, ABC's comedy drama about a black schoolteacher. *The Bill Cosby Show* (NBC) has also had its weeks, as have *My World and Welcome to It* (NBC), the sitcom about a cartoonist resembling Thurber, and *The Bold Ones* (NBC), the doctor-lawyer police trilogy. But if anyone should take a new look at what TV has wrought this past season it is the networks.

Lucky 13

As a young man of 27, Dmitry Shostakovich treated the Soviet Union to a feast of sex, murder and dissonance in his opera *Lady Macbeth of the Mzensk District* (revised in 1962 and retitled *Katerina Ismailova*). At its first performance in 1934, Joseph Stalin loathed every note of it. He and the Communist Party denounced Shostakovich for his bourgeois musical tastes and, ever since, the composer has been strutting in and out of party favor. Too talented and far too famous to be squelched, he produced symphonies, ballets, choruses, chamber music. He alternately soothed the ultraconservative ears of the commissars with "music for the people" or outraged them by straying into atonality.

That part of the world which cared more about music than politics watched Shostakovich's career with concern. Left to his own devices, there was clear evidence that Shostakovich might develop into a great composer. But would he ever be given a chance?

In the late '50s and early '60s, after Nikita Khrushchev had rolled back Stalinism it seemed that the time had come. The young poet Evgeny Evtushenko had just emerged as the public voice of the uneasy new freedom. His poem *Babi Yar*, a passionate denunciation of Soviet anti-Semitism, read aloud to thousands of Russians, was becoming a symbol of popular outrage at past and present repression.

Grumpy Greeting. Boldly Shostakovich chose to compose his 13th symphony, basing it on *Babi Yar*. The 60-minute composition had five movements. Utilizing a large male chorus and a baritone soloist, Shostakovich used the complete poem for his first movement, choosing other Evtushenko verses for the remaining four. The 1962 Moscow première was an unequivocal public success. Government reaction was a different matter. *Pravda* treated the symphony with near silence—a grumpy one-line sentence to the effect that the performance had taken place. There were no reviews. The composition was withdrawn for ideological repairs. With a few lines added to the text, explaining that persons besides Jews had been murdered at Babi Yar, it was played again in 1963, then in 1965. Then it disappeared.

Or almost. A tape recording of the 1965 performance, brought out by Everest Records, reached the U.S. in 1967. The *American Record Guide* gave it a review, tracing the symphony's troubled background. As a result, Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 13* developed a tiny but devoted flock of listeners. It was only this month, however, that the original version of the symphony finally received a full-scale performance outside the Soviet Union.

It was treated with lavish care by Con-

ductor Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Capacity audiences first in Philadelphia, then last week in Manhattan, roared approval of Shostakovich's grim, powerful music and offered special bravos to Ormandy and the black, Slavic sound of Finnish Bartone Tom Krause.

The symphony proved worth the long wait. Though it unveiled nothing new about Shostakovich's development, it did show a coherence and a meeting of passion and skill often absent from his work. The reproachful words of *Babi Yar* ("and I myself am like an endless soundless cry over these thousands and thousands of buried ones") were projected by dirge-like music that sounded both angry and elegiac. Another movement, subtitled "At the Store," conjured up a never-never-land of country life, of clinking pots and pans, with cellos and double basses plodding through a long cycle of drudgery. But it was in the closing moments of "A Career" that Shostakovich came closest to fulfilling the hopes of his admirers. With the orchestra thinned to a graceful violin solo, the symphony melts into an oddly resigned tranquility as Evtushenko muses, "Hail to a career, when the career is that of a Shakespeare or Pasteur . . . Why were they all beheaded? The defamers are forgotten, only the defamed are remembered. Therefore I shall make a career for myself by not working at one." For the composer as well as the poet, the words were clearly autobiographical.



SHOSTAKOVICH IN 1963
An endless cry from "Babi Yar."

ART

Time for Spaces

You stand in a waterfall, or take a "shower" of refreshing air. Or plop into an egg-shaped easy chair and catch a minute's snooze. Or sit in a moss-covered booth and cast your I Ching. The idea behind these and other "Contemplation Environments," currently on display at Manhattan's Museum of Contemporary Crafts, is to provide a peaceful corner in the bustle of city life where any and all might stop for a moment to think, muse, daydream or simply enjoy a quiet interlude. That prospect alone was enough to make New Yorkers venture out in blustery cold weather last week, eager to experience not just one but 16 different warm and cozy places.

Definition of Excitement. The show is intended to explore fresh solutions to the city dweller's need for solitude amidst the city's crowded spaces. "We found a vast response on the part of artists, designers and psychologists," says Museum Director Paul Smith. "Artists are increasingly interested in working on a large, environmental scale, and the subject of contemplation seemed to give focus to many of their ideas." To coordinate the various projects, Gamal El Zoghby, an Egyptian-born architect and instructor at Pratt Institute, designed a dark, mazelike passageway leading from one environment to the next.

Sculptor Neke Carson designed a combination fountain-environment that is beautiful to look at and fun to be in. Participants sit inside two large plastic bubbles and watch smaller plastic bubbles floating about in a trough of gurgling water. Ted Hallman, a Zen Buddhist enthusiast, used 100 lbs of yarn for his African-looking hut. "My idea was to make an environment that was comfortable, soft, with neutral colors and a calming effect," he says. The hit of the show is Furniture Designer Wendell Castle's laminated oak "reclining space for one." Open a marvelously sculptured door and there is a snug, carpeted cubbyhole with furry throw pillows. A hole in the top lets in light and air. "When you get inside," El-Zoghby says, "it's almost like being in your mother's womb. The more you define a space, the more exciting it becomes."

Distant Bells. Not all of the environments work as well. An electronic spiral intended by Kinetic Artists Jackie Cassen and Rudi Stern to induce a meditative state is just plain hard on the eyes. Designer Victor Lukens' reflective plastic chair tends to disorient rather than put its occupant at ease. As yet unfinished is what should be the centerpiece of the show—a twelve-foot stroboscopically lighted waterfall. The visitor will crawl through an access tube into a clear plastic enclosure, where he may sit, perfectly dry, while water cascades all around him. "He will feel as



WENDELL CASTLE'S 'RECLINING SPACE FOR ONE'



FRANZ WALTER'S CANVAS BAGS

TED HALLMAN IN HIS YARN SHELTER



NEKE CARSON'S FOUNTAIN-ENVIRONMENT

if he were under Niagara," says one of its designers.

Other works are simpler. Weaver Urban Jupena created a platform covered with a shaggy rug on which conversationalists can sprawl out and playfully tug at the yarn while talking—an idea that can easily be adapted to the home. Apartment dwellers who have always wondered what to do with their skylight may take a lesson from Irv Teitel, a sound engineer. On four platforms beneath the museum's skylights, the contemplator lies back, while sounds of waves, distant bells, or birds singing come softly to his ears from recorded tapes.

The Museum of Contemporary Crafts, founded 14 years ago with a grant

from Mrs. Vanderbilt Webb, has become increasingly enterprising in the last few years under the directorship of Paul Smith, breaking away from displays of traditional crafts to put on some of the more innovative shows in town. Currently, the museum has succeeded in outclassing its rich neighbor, the Museum of Modern Art.

Cave of the Future. The Modern's rival—and less effective—display, called "spaces," features five rooms each by a different artist. One, by Dan Flavin, is full of relentlessly glowing fluorescent lights; another, by Larry Bell, is totally dark except for several dimly reflecting glass tubes. Robert Morris created a kind of arctic hothouse, where tiny spruces set in an earth bank simulate an upland for-

est. Most interesting is the space designed by Franz Erhard Walther, where anybody who comes along is invited to climb into, sit on or play with various canvas objects. This goes on under the guidance of the artist himself, who declares that he is exploring the psychology of personal space and activity.

However one feels about environments and their inner spaces, there will probably be a lot more of them. The art display scheduled for the U.S. Pavilion at Expo '70 in Japan will be largely devoted to space environments, including a cavelike structure by Tony Smith, a rain curtain by Andy Warhol, a vast mirrored wall by Robert Whitman, and a fog room by Rockne Krebs. In a word, spaces are big this year.

African Images, Powers and Presences

A DIPLOMATIC as well as an artistic event, the exhibition of African sculpture that opens this week at Washington's National Gallery of Art is a striking display of international cooperation. Sponsored by the ambassadors of the 34 African countries, it is the most comprehensive show of the sculpture of Black Africa yet seen in the U.S. Four galleries have been cleared and special platforms, islands, and plinths built to display the artifacts to best advantage. The 194 objects selected by African scholar William Fagg, Keeper of Ethnography at the British Museum, include many works from the collections of African nations, as well as others from Western museums and collections. The National Gallery thus brings together a group of masterpieces and styles that not even the Africans ever saw assembled in one place.

Modest & Monumental. The show makes clear what many people overlook—that Black Africa developed highly organized cultures and a sophisticated naturalistic art long before the Europeans arrived. A few works survive from this era, among them the superb bronze head of a queen mother from 16th century Benin, whose kings ruled a large area of what is now southern Nigeria. There is also the portrait statue of King Bom Bosh, ruler of the Congolese kingdom of the Bakuba about 1650-1660. Most impressive of all is the famous Tada bronze from Nigeria, a relatively small (20 inches high) but monumental work that has never before been shown outside Nigeria. For several hundred years, it has sat overlooking a remote reach of the Niger, venerated by the Tada villagers who believe that the legendary hero Tsede brought it to protect them from misfortune. African scholars consider it the finest surviving example of the Yoruba court art that flourished at the religious center of Ife 1,000 years ago, when Europe was still sunk in the darkness of the Middle Ages.

The court art of Ife and Benin dem-



QUEEN MOTHER FROM BENIN
Vitality from ants.

onstrates that the ancient Africans could achieve a naturalism comparable to that of Egypt, Greece and Renaissance Italy. But Africa's unique contribution to world art is the violently expressive wooden sculpture and highly stylized masks of tribal art—the art that impressed and excited Picasso and Matisse and strongly deflected the course of modern art. Oddly enough, this tribal art owes much of its vitality to the wood-eating white ant of Africa. Because of its depredations—and some help from natural decay—each generation of carvers had to create new images and new variations on traditional forms, constantly revitalizing an image that was lodged in the tribe's consciousness.

The bold, dramatic carving of these masks, their extraordinary variety of styles, and their mysterious and (to uninitiated outsiders) inscrutable expressions, set them apart from anything in the traditional arts of Europe, China or

India. Even in the cloistered atmosphere of the museum, they have an inexplicable power, and when they are seen as they are meant to be seen, flashing in the sunlight, tossing, swaying and jerking with the motions of the dancers who wear them, they truly embody the presence of the sacred.

Though sometimes used in playful dances these ritual masks are directed toward a world of spirits. Their closest Western equivalents are the miracle-working statues of Christian saints, holy objects that have supernatural powers. When the African dons a mask, he ceases to be himself and becomes the god or the force he seeks to please. "So powerful are the masks believed to be," says Keeper Fagg, "that special precautions are taken in handling them. Many Africans believe the mere sight of one can make a woman sterile—just like radioactivity."

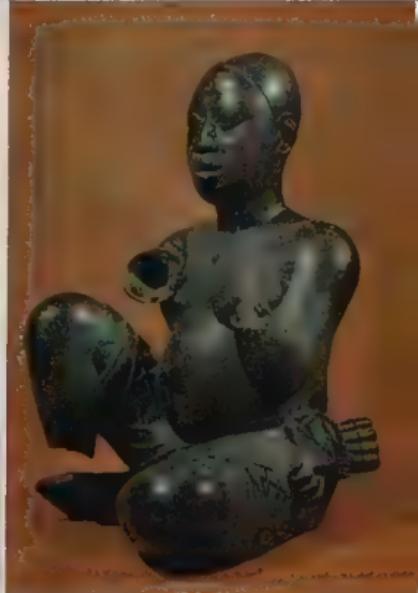
Artistic Variety. These deep religious roots account for the extraordinarily varied styles of African art. In Christian Europe, explains Fagg, one religion meant one style of art with comparatively minor local variations. In Africa, however, each tribe had its own gods, and consequently each had its own style of art. At one end is the naturalism of the Bakwete of Angola, whose delicately modeled masks might almost be portraits. At the other extreme are the circular abstractions of the Baluba of Congo-Kinshasa, the long, simple forms of the Ngumba, the horizontal striations of the Batetela, the elegant concavity of the Guro and the craggy boldness of the Bete.

The show will move on to the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art in Kansas City and later to the Brooklyn Museum. In a time when black pride is asserting itself, it will open many eyes. As National Gallery Director J. Carter Brown observes in his catalogue foreword: "We are what we have been. The great images of Africa's tribal past speak to us as part of the heritage of all mankind."

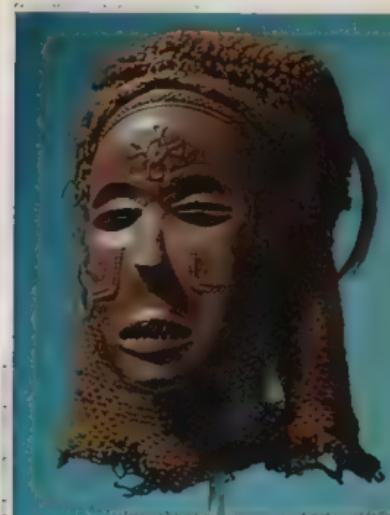


The brass figure above represents Gun, the war god of the Fon tribe, who founded one of the last great kingdoms of West Africa around 1700 in southern Dahomey

PHOTOGRAPH BY T. T. T.



Made by the Yoruba of Ife about 1,000 years ago, this remarkable bronze figure was found in the remote Nigerian village of Tada. It probably represents a king



Delicately modeled mask of a beautiful girl is worn by the Bajokwe of Angola in a dance of dizzying acrobatics. Throughout Africa men take both male and female roles in cult dances



Top: Bakweri (Congo Brazzaville), Ngombwa (Cameroon), Bakete (Congo-Kinshasa), Batefe (Congo-Kinshasa), Mitumu (Congo-Kinshasa)

Bottom: Bafende (Congo-Kinshasa), Idibio (Nigeria), Bato (Cameroon), Giso and Bete (both Ivory Coast)



A rare portrait from the Ibo, here photographed both in profile and in half profile, is of King Bom Bush, who ruled the Congolese Bokutu about 1650-1660. The group of masks, left, shows the various ways of expressing sorrow and grief among the many diversified and scattered peoples in that area. Masks are characteristic in carved in wood, then painted, then decorated with colored earth, sticks and grass according to patterns traced down in each people from generation to generation. The typical hemispherical helmet mask at the bottom of the eastern Congo tribes has a hairy grass skirt that hides the head in the dancer.



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RELIGION

On Borrowed Time

"I am intruding on borrowed time," said James Francis Cardinal McIntyre. "To be a borrower, even of time, has its attendant risks to all." With that the crusty, 83-year-old prelate announced last week that he was resigning as Archbishop of Los Angeles, a diocese he has governed for 22 years.

For many of the troubled priests, unhappy nuns and angry minority groups in Los Angeles, McIntyre had borrowed too much time, at too high a rate of interest. Many church members still active in his archdiocese are remarkably loyal, but a number of progressive Cath-



CARDINAL MCINTYRE & ARCHBISHOP MANNING
Too high a rate of interest.

olics, laity and religious alike have simply dropped out in the six bitter years since it became apparent that their cardinal's conservatism remained untempered by the spirit of Vatican II.

Until 1964, McIntyre was hardly criticized at all. He was, in fact, best known for pushing through a massive expansion program, at one point building a new church every 66 days and a new school every 26 days to accommodate the post-war population boom. But his early life as a Wall Street broker and his career as a "brick-and-mortar man" for the church ill-fitted him for the turbulent social issues of the '60s. To the consternation of California liberals, he failed to join fellow bishops in opposing efforts to repeal the state's fair-housing laws in 1964. The Immaculate Heart nuns were barred from archdiocesan schools because McIntyre disapproved of their internal reforms. While McIntyre was saying midnight Mass last Christmas in St. Basil's Church on Wilshire Boulevard, a group of Mexican-Americans called *Catholics por la Raza* (Catholics for the

People) staged a demonstration outside to protest the building's alleged construction cost of \$3,000,000. McIntyre later likened the demonstrators to "the rabble" that crucified Christ.

McIntyre's successor is not likely to invite such confrontations. At 60, Archbishop Timothy J. Manning, appointed last year as coadjutor archbishop with right of succession, is a man curiously like Pope Paul himself, progressive in social matters conservative in doctrine. A longtime auxiliary bishop in Los Angeles, and later bishop of Fresno, County Cork-born Manning will probably be quicker than his predecessor to put into use Vatican-approved reforms such as the new Mass. If he is not likely to look kindly on avant-garde experimentation or liberal views on doctrine, he will unlike McIntyre, almost certainly have a more ready ear for complaints.

The church must make her own the social needs of the world of men," said Manning in his first statement as archbishop. "She must engage in conversation about these problems, apply the light of the Gospel to their healing, rescue rather than sit in judgment, serve rather than come to be served."

Prophet, Seer and Innovator

He was 77 when he became president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—by Mormon definition, their "prophet, seer and revelator." That was well past the age when many Protestant church leaders retire even past the recommended retirement age (75) that Pope Paul VI has set down for Roman Catholic bishops. But when he died last week of acute heart congestion at the age of 96, even his final years of feebleness could not dim the conviction that David O. McKay had done more in his 19 year tenure to change the image and direction of the Mormon Church than any president since Brigham Young himself.

Reviewing his life in 1968, McKay suggested that his greatest achievement was to have made the church a worldwide organization. During his presidency, the Mormon rolls expanded from just over 1,000,000 to 2,815,000. He opened five new Temples, in Oakland, Los Angeles, New Zealand, Switzerland and London. The Temples—not to be confused with lower-ranking Mormon meeting houses—enabled Europeans for the first time to perform the sacred Mormon Temple rites, such as "endowment" (a vow to live church principles) or "sealing" of marriages "for time and eternity," without traveling to North America. Mormon missions grew from 43 to 89. Mormon dioceses, called "stakes," grew from 191 to 496. Conversions in foreign countries soared. There were 5,000 Mormons in the British Isles the year before McKay took office; there are 78,000 today. In New Zealand, the Mormons

can now claim 8% of the country's Maori population.

Global Thinking. David Oman McKay was the grandson of Scottish and Welsh immigrants. Mormon converts who settled in Utah in the mid-19th century. Born near Ogden on a farm that he maintained until his death, McKay followed his father, a farmer teacher, into education. But a turn as a church missionary in Scotland involved him ever after in church affairs, and by 1906 at the age of 32, he was called to membership in the Council of the Twelve Apostles, the church's governing body.

McKay had to wait 45 years before he acceded to the presidency; seniority among the Apostles has been a traditional criterion for presidential selection. In the meantime, he addressed



DAVID O. MCKAY
A vision of a wider world

himself assiduously to church work, rising daily at 4 a.m. for a period of contemplation before striding over to the church offices. A 13-month 63,000-mile tour of mission territories in the late 1920s set the pattern of his global thinking, terms as Counselor to two successive Mormon presidents, Heber J. Grant and George Albert Smith brought him more and more into top-level decisions. When Smith died in 1951, McKay became ninth president of the church and, according to Mormon theology, the only man on earth who can be "the living oracle of God."

Affable Image. It was not McKay's style to rely on his unique position as the source of church revelation. He used his power with clear authority, but he was even better known for his gentleness and good humor. Tall and strong voiced, his amiable face framed by a shock of flowing white hair, McKay was an affable new image of Mormonism to a world that had previously seen the Mormon leaders as dour, dark-suited figures. He was perhaps the first

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Mormon president to treat non-Mormons as generously as members of his own faith.

He could, when he wanted to, act decisively to defeat bills he disapproved of in the Utah legislature—like liquor-by-the-drink. But he could also be winningly tolerant of such lingering bad habits of converts as smoking or coffee drinking. Indeed, say apologists, it may have been McKay's distaste for controversy and his willingness to tolerate the ingrained attitudes of others that prevented him from changing the Mormon thinking toward priesthood for Negroes. Shortly before McKay's death, a Mormon professor, Sterling M. McMurrin, said that McKay had told him in 1954 that the church's prohibition against Negroes was not a doctrine but a practice, and could therefore be changed. Yet perhaps because he realized the task was too great for his diminishing energies, McKay never made the move himself.

Storn Authoritarian. Nor does any change seem likely to come in the near future. Joseph Fielding Smith, 93, the senior Apostle and presiding officer of the Council of the Twelve, has been chosen to succeed McKay as president. Smith is the son of the sixth Mormon president, Joseph F. Smith, and grandson of Hyrum Smith, a brother of the Mormon founder, Prophet Joseph Smith. He is a straightforward but humorless man harking back to the old Mormon image, a stern authoritarian who is not likely to tolerate minor faults in his fellow churchmen or to encourage change. His attitude towards Negroes is perhaps best typified by his remark several years ago that "Darkies are wonderful people."

Yet the Mormons and "gentiles" who crowded Salt Lake City's Mormon Tabernacle for McKay's final rites last week had come not to ponder the future but to honor the past. The man they mourned had already changed his church considerably. In his own generous, enthusiastic way, McKay had expanded his church's horizons and involvement far beyond the abilities of any successor to contract them. If he had not completely destroyed Mormon exclusivism, he had certainly tempered it with his own remarkable vision of a much wider, friendlier world.

Who Is a Jew?

Though Israel has been governed by a delicate alliance of secular and Orthodox Jews since its birth as a nation, Jewish religious law—*Halakha*—enjoys a remarkable prominence in the everyday life of the country. Last week the Israeli Supreme Court handed down a close decision that threatens the status of *Halakha* and could create a rupture in the ruling coalition. At issue was whether the state may decide who is and who is not a Jew.

The decision came in the long-pending case of Lieut. Commander Benjamin Shavit, 34, a psychologist in the Israeli



WINNER SHALIT & WIFE

Not to be decided by Halakha

NAVY (TIME, Nov. 29, 1968) Shalit, a native-born Israeli, has been trying for years to register his children (a son, now six, and a daughter, three) as Jews by nationality, if not by religion. The Israeli Interior Ministry, charged with registering births, refused to do so, arguing that Shalit's children do not meet the test of *Halakha*, which stipulates that a Jew, to be formally considered such, must have either been born of a Jewish mother or converted to Judaism. Shalit's wife Anne, a Scottish gentile, has not converted, nor have the children. The Shalits are both atheists.

Last week, after nearly two years of deliberation, Israel's Supreme Court ruled 5-4 in favor of Shalit. The court did not resolve the substantive issue—an ancient one—of whether Jewishness is a matter of religion, nationality or culture. Instead, it based its ruling on a technicality: whether the government can use the test of *Halakha* to define nationality. The answer was no.

For Shalit, the decision means that the Interior Ministry will have to register his children as either "Jews" or "Hebrews." For Israel, however, the decision opens up a potentially grave internal squabble. The orthodox National Religious Party is determined to seek a law redressing the Supreme Court decision. One suggested solution would simply define a Jew according to *Halakha* (No such law now exists.) An other might be to bypass the question entirely by dropping the national and religious section from the registration rolls. Should Golda Meir's government fail to press for such action, the Religious Party will likely resign from the coalition—a prospect that prompted Religious Affairs Minister Dr. Zerah Warhaftig to note drily that "the court's decision certainly does not contribute to unity."

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Restoration comedy is the strongest single argument for closing down a nation's theaters for a generation. Repression fosters a ferment of expression. The parched worship water. The starved adore food. The zest of Restoration comedy is that it is a theater of appetite. It is based on what Louis Kronenberger has called "our three great hungers—vanity, money and sex."

Dramatically, even these great hunger may be sated. A dramatic genre is organic, and aging like a man, becomes tired, jaded and brittle. Substance succumbs to style, and the play and the playwright simply go through the motions of existence for lack of having any specific convictions about the right place to go. Such was the condition of George Farquhar, the last Restoration playwright, who died in 1707 at the unseemly age of 29.

It may be argued that he did not live long enough to know who he was, but he wrote for an age that did not quite know what it was. He was, in effect, writing for dead playgoers, many of whom still occupied the theater seats, a situation vividly applicable to the contemporary theater. Restoration comedy thrived on high wit, low morals and ice-cold hearts. But by Farquhar's day, the twin corruptors of that comedy lurked in the wings—virtue which would bar both wit and lechers from the stage and romance, which would open the sluices of sentimentality. Traces of this man Farquhar's last play, *The Beaux' Stratagem*.

Chestnut As They Come. It is with *The Beaux' Stratagem* that the British National Theater, headed by Sir Laurence Olivier, has chosen to open its

first U.S. engagement, a six-week run at Los Angeles' Ahmanson Theater during which the company will also do Chekhov's *Three Sisters*. *Stratagem* is a slightly odd choice in that a mighty ensemble of actors is laboring over a mite of a classic. It is rather like the winner of the Grand National demonstrating how to clear a two-foot hedge. Naturally, this superb company does it with grace, stamina and abundant verve, but one is forced to admire the skill rather than the purpose.

The plot of *The Beaux' Stratagem* is as chestnut as they come. Two young purse-poor gallants pose as master and servant in order to wed wealthy. One sometimes feels that money is the English equivalent of Nirvana. The country inn, where much of the action takes place, is the English dramatic equivalent of the French bedroom. It offers an almost novelistic diversity of characters and encounters. Pretenders and highwaymen, maids and matrons meet and mingle—strangers in the night who may, with a little bit of luck, become intimates for the night. Mine host, Boniface, has given his name to the language and, with a certain conjugal felicity that has persisted over the centuries, combines the roles of innkeeper and robber.

I like all decent/indecent Restoration comedies, the play cuts to the chase—the chaste and the unchaste. The masquerading Master Aimwell (Ronald Pickup) pursues Dorinda (Sheila Reid) with lofty ardor. They are a flutters pair, brimming with sentiment and much given to pledges of undying affection and confessional honesty. The masquerading servant, Archer (Robert Stephens), has the cool, calculating

charm of an accomplished womanizer. The woman he now wants, Mrs. Sulien (Maggie Smith), has had but one melancholy tutor: her husband. He is an alcoholic brute who keeps her in the country when her only heaven is London. As the chase quickens, the ladies profess virtues which they could scarcely wish to possess. The feint and parry of amour ends well, with the loss of a husband paid off for a divorce and the pairs of lovers united. One does not regret the convention that they will live happily ever after, but one does regret somewhat the amount of time that they have to be kept apart onstage. Anticipation is an overrated pleasure. However, the play does have the abiding relish of Restoration comedy in that while the characters warily watch and fend each other off, their minds and their words are conspicuously active between the sheets.

With Regal Elegance. The evening is an unmitigated triumph for Maggie Smith. Her performance ought to be filmed as an instructional visual aide for U.S. actresses. Where they stride like plow jockeys, she moves with regal elegance. Where they mushmouth their lines, she inflects each syllable with savor. The luminous high point of the play is a speech that she delivers on the ideal of marriage, one of the greatest speeches in all of dramatic literature on that subject:

Wedlock we own ordain'd by
Heaven's Decree,
But such as Heaven ordain'd it first
to be
Concurring Tempers in the Man
and Wife
A mutual Helps to draw the Load
of Life
View all the Works of Providence
above

The Star with Harmony and
Concord move
View all the Works of Providence
below
The Fire the Water, Earth, and Air
we know
All in one Plant agree to make
it grow
Must Man the chiefest Work of
Art Divine
Be doom'd in endless Discord to
repine?
No, we shou'd injure Heaven by
that sinisme,
Omnipotence is just, were Man
but wise.

On opening night, Maggie Smith brought down the first-act curtain and the house with that speech. Beyond discipline of craft and a reverence for tradition the English theater retains the renown of greatness because it has behind it an unseen but not an unheard god, the English language. This wonder of wonders is a verdant isle of beauty, a buna of crystalline delight, a font of wit and wisdom, a burnished mirror of the mind. Born to a noble tongue, Maggie Smith serves it nobly.



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Rear coil springs give you firm-but-comfortable support while carrying your home away from home. (Two-stage leaf springs, standard on the Longhorn, can be ordered on $\frac{1}{2}$ - and $\frac{3}{4}$ -ton models.)

What else makes Chevrolet the camper's pickup? Our tough, double-walled build. A rugged chassis. And

special camping conveniences you can order.

But during a long day's drive, what you'll savor most is that Chevrolet ride. And sweet it is.



Putting you first, keeps us first.

Home, sweet-riding home.





Poor People, circa 1970.

Meet the Average American Family. 1970 model. Income \$9,000.

Come 1975, that income would make them poor people. Because by then the average will probably have vaulted to something more like \$17,000.

The four-day work week will be here. To stay until it goes to three.

Everyone will have more of everything. And the member companies of CNA Financial Corporation will be offering an even wider variety of financial services to help the average wage earner take better care of his money.

When CNA was founded in 1968, we set a goal of diversified financial services. In the little more than two years since, we've seen our assets increase past three billion dollars. And the ways in which we can help people keep increasing too.

Insurance, for instance. Through the CNA/insurance companies, Continental Casualty and Continental Assurance.

Personal loans and debt consolidation through General Finance.

Purchase and financing of new homes through the Larwin Group.

Even health care and recreational real estate through Kane Financial.

By 1975 the CNA companies will have still more ways to help still more people handle more money than they have today.

From insurance policies for newborn Americans to nursing care for the aged. From investments to new homes to car loans.

We make money work.

 **CNA** FINANCIAL CORPORATION

Fighting to Save the Earth from Man



GARBAGE-CRAMMED BARGE HEADING OUT TO SEA PAST STATUE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOR

The great question of the '70s is Shall we surrender to our surroundings or shall we make our peace with nature and begin to make reparations for the damage we have done to our air to our land and to our water?

State of the Union Message

NIXON'S words come none too ear-
ly. The U.S. environment is seriously threatened by the prodigal garbage of the world's richest economy. In the President's own boyhood town of Whittier, a part of metropolitan Los Angeles, the once sweet air is befooled with carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, lead compounds, sulfur dioxide, nitrogen oxides, fly ash, asbestos particulates and countless other noxious substances. The Apollo 10 astronauts could see Los Angeles as a cancerous smudge from 25,000 miles in outer space. Airline pilots say that whiskv-brown miasmas, visible from 70 miles, shroud almost every U.S. city, including remote towns like Missoula in Montana's "big sky" country. What most Americans now breathe is closer to ambient filth than to air.

The environment may well be the gut issue that can unify a polarized nation in the 1970s. It may also divide people who are appalled by the mess from those who have adapted to it. No one knows how many Americans have lost all feeling for nature and the quality of life. Even so, the issue now attracts

young and old, farmers, city dwellers and suburban housewives, scientists, industrialists and blue-collar workers. They know pollution well. It is as close as the water tap, the car-clogged streets and junk-filled landscape—their country's visible decay. America the Ugly

Politicians have got the message. Late last year, Congress easily passed Senator Henry M. Jackson's National Environmental Policy Act and appropriated \$800 million to finance new municipal waste-treatment plants. Senator Gaylord Nelson plans to introduce an amendment to the U.S. Constitution that will guarantee every citizen's right to a "decent environment." Last month, the Governors of New York and California devoted much of their "state of the state" speeches to environmental matters, campaigns later this year will reverberate with antipollution statements. Says Senator Edmund S. Muskie: "In the past, we had to fight against all kinds of political pressure, public apathy and ignorance. Now the wind is blowing at our back."

The New Jeremiols

The real problem is much bigger than the U.S. By curbing disease and death, modern medicine has started a surge of human overpopulation that threatens to overwhelm the earth's resources. At the same time, technological man is bewitched by the dangerous illusion that

he can build bigger and bigger industrial societies with scant regard for the iron laws of nature. French Social Anthropologist Claude Lévi-Strauss compares today's human condition to that of maggots in a sack of flour: "When the population of these worms increases, even before they meet, before they become conscious of one another, they secrete certain toxins that kill at a distance—that is, they poison the flour they are in, and they die."

Ultimately, both men and maggots need the help of an emerging science of survival—ecology. In the U.S., a tiny band of ecologists has achieved sudden prominence. René J. Dubos (Rockefeller University), LaMont C. Cole (Cornell), Eugene P. Odum (University of Georgia), Paul R. Ehrlich (Stanford), Kenneth E. F. Watt (University of California at Davis), and a few others. In terms of public recognition, perhaps the outstanding figure in the field is Barry Commoner of Washington University in St. Louis (see box, page 58), who has probably done more than any other U.S. scientist to speak out and awaken a sense of urgency about the declining quality of life. Last week he addressed 10,000 people at Northwestern University, where young activists staged the first of a series of major environmental teach-ins that will climax in a nationwide teach-in on April 22. In varying degrees, the once sheltered

ecologists have become ardent advocates of seemingly radical views. They sometimes sound like new Jeremiahs. They do not hesitate to predict the end of the world, or at least the end of a life with quality. Yet they hold out hope too. "We are in a period of grace," says Commoner. "We have the time—perhaps a generation—in which to save the environment from the final effects of the violence we have done to it."

Web of Life

Ecology is often called the "subversive science." Only 70 years old, it avoids the narrow specialization of other sciences—and thus appeals to generalists, including people with a religious sense. Ecology is the systems approach to nature, the study of how living organisms and the nonliving environment function together as a whole or ecosystem. The word ecology (derived from the Greek root *oikos*, meaning "house") is often used in ways that suggest an attitude rather than a discipline. Anthropologists and psychiatrists have adapted it to their work. Poet Allen Ginsberg declares it like a revolutionary slogan. But few yet grasp its subtle meanings—as Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska proved last summer. Arguing for fast development of his state's oil-rich North Slope, Stevens referred to his dictionary. "Ecology," he declared, "deals with the relationship between living organisms." Then he added triumphantly: "But there are no living organisms on the North Slope."

Stevens missed the whole point: the arctic ecosystem is full of life (including Eskimos) but is so vulnerable to pollution that the North Slope threatens to become a classic example of man's mindless destruction. The intense cold impedes nature's ability to heal itself: tire marks made in the tundra 25 years ago are still plainly visible. What most worries ecologists, in fact, is man's blindness to his own utter dependency on all ecosystems, such as oceans, coastal estuaries, forests and grasslands. Those ecosystems constitute the biosphere, a vast web of interacting organisms and processes that form the rhythmic cycles and food chains in which ecosystems support one another.

The biosphere (see chart, page 59) is an extraordinarily thin global envelope that sustains the only known life in the universe. At least 400 million years ago, some primeval accident allowed plant life to enrich the atmosphere to a life-supporting mixture of 20% oxygen, plus nitrogen, argon, carbon dioxide and water vapor. With uncanny precision, the mixture was then maintained by plants, animals and bacteria, which used and returned the gases at equal rates. The result is a closed system, a balanced cycle in which nothing is wasted and everything counts. For example, about 70% of the earth's oxygen is produced by ocean phytoplankton—passively floating plants and animals. This entire living system modified temperatures, curbed floods and nurtured man about

5,000,000 years ago. Only if the biosphere survives can man survive.

To maintain balance, all ecosystems require four basic elements: 1) inorganic substances (gases, minerals, compounds); 2) "producer" plants, which convert the substances into food; 3) animal "consumers," which use the food, and 4) "decomposers" (bacteria and fungi), which turn dead protoplasm into usable substances for the producers. As the key producers, green plants alone have the power to harness the sun's energy and combine it with elements from air, water and rocks into living tissue—the vegetation that sustains animals, which in turn add their wastes and corpses to natural decay. It is nature's efficient reuse of the decay that builds productive topsoil. Yet such is the delicacy of the process that it takes 500 years to create one inch of good topsoil.

The process is governed by distinct laws of life and balance. One is adaptation: each species finds a precise niche in the ecosystem that supplies it with food and shelter. At the same time, all animals have the defensive power to multiply faster than their own death rates. As a result, predators are required to hold the population within the limits of its food supply. The wolf that devours the deer is a blessing to the community, if not to the individual deer. Still another law is the necessity of diversity. The more different species there are in an area, the less chance that any single type of animal or plant will proliferate and dominate the community. Even the rarest, oddest species can thus be vital to life. Variety is nature's grand tactic of survival.

The Domino Theory Applied

Man has violated these laws—and endangered nature as well as himself. When a primitive community ran out of food, it had to move on or perish. It could harm only its own immediate environment. But a modern community can destroy its land and still import food, thus possibly destroying ever more distant land without knowing or caring. Technological man is so aware of his strength that he is unaware of his weakness—the fact that his pressure upon nature may provoke revenge.

By adding just one alien component to a delicate balance, man sometimes triggers a series of dangerous changes. Nature immediately tries to restore the balance—and often overreacts. When farmers wipe out one pest with powerful chemicals, they may soon find their crops afflicted with six pests that are resistant to the chemicals. Worse, the impact of a pesticide like DDT can be vastly magnified in food chains. Thus DDT kills insect-eating birds that normally control the pests that now destroy the farmers' crops. The "domino theory" is clearly applicable to the environment.

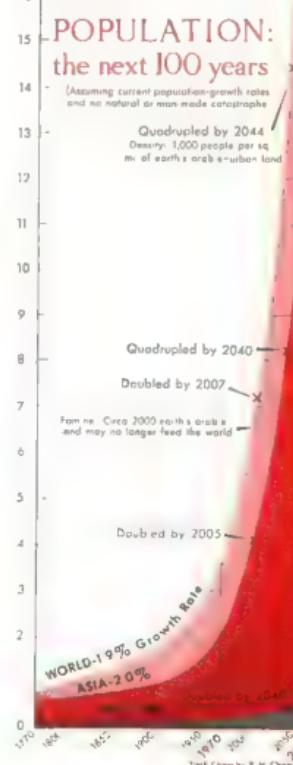
In South Africa, for example, a campaign was waged against hippopotamuses. Deemed useless beasts that merely

25 billion people by 2070

cluttered up rivers, they were shot on sight. Result: the debilitating disease called schistosomiasis has become as great a public-health hazard in certain areas as malaria was 50 years ago. As usual, the missing links in the chain of events were discovered the hard way. It turns out that hippos keep river silt in motion as they bathe. When they heave themselves up riverbanks to dry land, they also go single file and act like bulldozers, making natural irrigation channels. Without the animals, the rivers quickly silted up; without the overflow channels, periodic floods swept like scythes over adjacent lands. The altered conditions favored a proliferation of schistosomiasis-carrying water snails.

Such harsh intrusions on wildlife constitute only one way in which man abuses nature. Another is through his sheer numbers. From an estimated 5,000,000 people 8,000 years ago, the world population rose to 1 billion by 1850, 2 billion about 1930, and now stands at 3.5 billion. Current projections run to 7 billion.

Population in billions



Paul Revere of Ecology

BARRY COMMONER is a professor with a class of millions—most of them real students, all of them deeply concerned about man's war against nature. At 52, the impatient microbiologist from Washington University in St. Louis has become the uncommon spokesman for the common man. He personifies the *New Scientist*—concerned, authoritative and worldly, an iconoclast who refuses to remain sheltered in the ivory laboratory. Air Pollution Expert Lewis Green calls Commoner a "Paul Revere wakening the country to environmental dangers," Commoner's students agree.

In the past year, he has given 32 major speeches, written 14 articles, and traveled to numerous U.S. campuses, where he is revered as a voice of reason in a lunatic world. In print and in person, Commoner's message is the same: the price of pollution could be the death of man. Though he is sometimes aggressive and even abrasive, he is endowed with a rare combination of political savvy, scientific soundness and the ability to excite people with his ideas.

Commoner defines his philosophy succinctly: "The scientist has been put into the laboratory by the elaborate labor of society and has the responsibility to do something of value. Isolation is a method of solving a problem, not a way of life." What brought him out of the laboratory in 1953 was strontium 90, a product of atmospheric nuclear-bomb tests then considered harmless. Commoner's restless intellectual curiosity was aroused; he studied all available research on radioactive fallout. What he found frightened him—and he set out to share his concern with others.

In the process, he became a persuasive speaker. He has a formidable memory for facts and a talent for dramatizing them with human case histories. Commoner's efforts to make laymen think about science have irked some of his colleagues, who think that a scientist's place is in the laboratory or at the ear of an important Government official. By contrast, he believes that scientific issues should be presented directly to the public, thus encouraging the people to join in shaping social policies.

Commoner is very much a commoner himself. His Russian immigrant parents settled in Brooklyn, where Commoner was born. His father was a tailor until he went blind. As a boy, Commoner roamed the streets and belonged to a block gang. It was the kind of rough-and-tumble existence evocatively portrayed in Henry Roth's novel *Call It Sleep*, one of Commoner's favorite books.

Despite his steel-and-concrete envi-

ronment, Commoner was fascinated by nature and became an avid biology student at James Madison High School where he was put into a corrective-speech class to overcome his shyness. On weekends he prowled Brooklyn's Prospect Park for interesting "goop" to study under the microscope. He put himself through Columbia University with a variety of odd jobs, including researching medieval coinage for an economics teacher. He graduated in 1937 with honors in zoology and a faith in the liberal causes of the time, such as the Scottsboro boys and the Spanish Loyalists. Bright and ambitious, he went to Harvard, closeted himself in a laboratory for three years, and left with a Ph.D. in biology.

After service in the Navy during



BARRY COMMONER

World War II, Commoner chose to teach at Washington University, where he eventually chaired the botany department. His early research was an investigation of the relationship between viruses and genetics that earned him an award from the A.A.A.S. in 1953. Switching from biochemistry to biophysics, he then studied the effect of "free radicals" (molecules with unpaired electrons) on cell metabolism. A research team led by Commoner was the first to discover that abnormal free radicals may be the earliest evidence of cancer in laboratory rats. In 1961, he startled the scientific community by disputing the Watson-Crick theory of DNA and its primary role in heredity. One of his greatest strengths as an ecologist is his holistic approach to science—a belief that wholes rather than parts are the determining factors of living organisms.

In the mid-'50s, Commoner began trumpeting the consequences of ra-

dioactive fallout. He helped establish the Committee for Nuclear Information, now the Committee on Environmental Information, and conducted a nationwide survey proving that strontium 90 had lodged in U.S. babies' teeth. The 1963 nuclear test-ban treaty was a distinct victory for Commoner and the committee, which had been vilified by McCarthy-era hecklers. Commoner sensed correctly that fallout was only one aspect of something bigger—the impact of technology on the entire environment. Soon he was delving into the "death" of Lake Erie. That led him in ever-widening circles to the problems of sewage, fertilizers, detergents, chemical pesticides, auto pollution and atomic power plants. In the process, his avocation became his vocation.

In 1966, Commoner saw a need to unite physical and social scientists into one cooperative whole focused on the total environment. As a result he founded Washington University's Center for the Biology of Natural Systems, the first of its kind in the U.S. Commoner is especially pleased with a study of the ecology of ghetto rats that has helped St. Louis health officials eliminate the rodents more effectively. "We could just as well do a study of the fence lizard," Commoner explains, "but that wouldn't be as relevant to human problems."

This insistence on relevance carries over to the classroom. A superb teacher, Commoner is likely to start his popular course in basic biology by asking students from Cleveland "How is the swimming in Lake Erie?" As the class listens spellbound, he spends the next six weeks deriving most of the principles of biology from that one example. If he cannot save Erie, he has unquestionably turned a notoriously dull subject into one of the liveliest courses around—at least at Washington University.

Unless he is off making another speech, Commoner leaves the office by 6 p.m. and walks a mile and a half to his Mediterranean-style house, where he has a vodka on the rocks with his wife Gloria, a pretty New Yorker who majored in psychology at Oberlin. Gloria once gave him a bicycle to get home faster, but he prefers to walk because "it's a great time to use your head." It also keeps his 5-ft., 11-in. frame trim. Now that his two grown children have left home, he and his wife actually go to movies and the theater. But not much. Commoner dislikes schedules; his workdays seem like a chaos of unorganized activity—at least to outsiders. His view is different: "I've sort of created my own life-style and the main thing is that everything is interrelated. It's like nature and ecosystems—intrinsic complexity."

lion by the year 2000. Neo-Malthusians like Stanford Population Biologist Paul Ehrlich grimly warn that the biosphere cannot sustain that many people. As Ehrlich puts it, "There can only be death, war, pestilence and famine to reduce the number."

Davy Crockett Goes to Jail

Ecologist LaMont Cole raises the crowding problem. Since 80% of the population is likely to live in cities occupying only 2% of the land, the sheer density of people will strain what might be called the urban ecosystem. Asks Cole: "Are we selecting for genetic types only those who can satisfy their aesthetic needs in congested cities?" Are the Davy Crocketts and Kit Carsons who are born today being destined for asylums, jails or suicide?"

Barry Commoner believes that under present conditions the earth can hold between 6 billion and 8 billion people. After that, environmental and food-supply problems may become insurmountable. Commoner notes that humans tend to view the procreation of several children as a kind of guarantee of immortality. "What makes human populations turn off?" he asks. "If a father knows that his sons will survive, perhaps he will not feel the need for so many successors." But Commoner's principle that greater material security might stop population growth requires a dramatic rise in the world standard of living—hardly a bright prospect. Moreover, ecologists are not hopeful that a "green revolution" can increase farm harvests enough to feed twice as many people. "Undeveloped countries cannot afford to mechanize their farming production," argues Eugene P. Odum. "The fancier a seed we give them, the more artificial care it needs, along with tractors and gasoline."

Modern technology is already pressuring nature with tens of thousands of synthetic substances, many of which almost totally resist decay—thus poisoning man's fellow creatures, to say nothing of himself. The burden includes smog fumes, aluminum cans that do not rust, inorganic plastics that may last for decades, floating oil that can change the thermal reflectivity of oceans, and radioactive wastes whose toxicity lingers for literally hundreds of years. The earth has its own waste-disposal system, but it has limits. The winds that ventilate earth are only six miles high; toxic garbage can kill the tiny organisms that normally clean rivers.

Massive Fifth

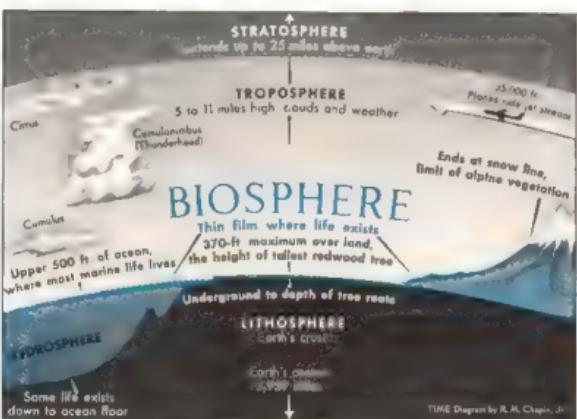
In a biospheric sense, the U.S. bears a heavy responsibility. According to Paul Ehrlich, "Each American child is 50 times more of a burden on the environment than each Indian child." Although the U.S. contains only 5.7% of the world's population, it consumes 40% of the world's production of natural resources. In 70 years of life, the average American uses 26 million gallons of

water, 21,000 gallons of gasoline, 10,000 lbs. of meat, 28,000 lbs. of milk and cream, as well as \$8,000 worth of school buildings, \$6,000 of clothing and \$7,000 of furniture. To compound the problem, a Gallup poll shows that 41% of Americans consider the ideal family size to be four or more children.

The result of massive production is massive filth. Every year, Americans junk seven million cars, 100 million tires, 20 million tons of paper, 28 billion bottles and 48 billion cans. Just to collect the garbage costs \$2 billion a year. The U.S. also produces almost 50% of the world's industrial pollution. Every year, U.S. plants discard 165 million tons of solid waste and gush 172 million tons of smoke and fumes into the air. Moreover, chemicals have replaced manure as fertilizers, while vast cattle feedlots have moved closer to cities. Result: animal wastes now pollute drink-

sunlight, they react with waste hydrocarbons from gasoline to form PAN (peroxyacetyl nitrate), along with ozone—the most toxic element in smog.

"We now have 50% more nitrogen oxides in the air in California," says Ecologist Kenneth E.M.F. Watt. "This has a direct bearing on the quality of light hitting the surface of the earth. At the present rate of nitrogen buildup, it's only a matter of time before light will be filtered out of the atmosphere and none of our land will be usable." Tougher auto-emission standards in California will start reducing the nitrogen problem next year. But Watt argues that California's air pollution is already so bad that it may start a wave of mass deaths by 1975—perhaps beginning in Long Beach. He also blames pollutants for the rising number of deaths from emphysema in Southern California. Trouble may well loom for Los Angeles,



ing water and pose a sanitation problem equivalent to that of almost a billion people.

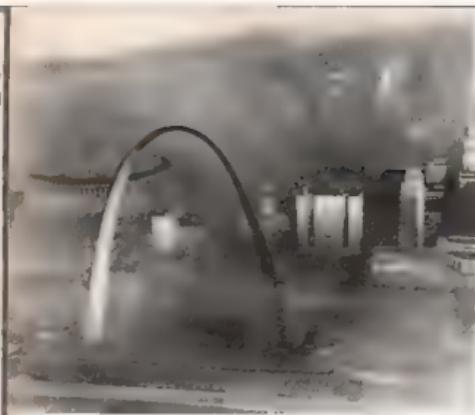
The truth is that Americans have done far too little to tame the polluting effects of technology. Even the far reaches of Puget Sound are burdened with pulp-mill discharges. Mining companies spew so many wastes over tiny East Helena, Mont. (pop. 1,490) that the lettuce there contains 120 times the maximum concentrations of lead allowed in food for interstate shipment. Tourists are beginning to leave Appalachia nowadays, poisoned by acid from strip mines that have seeped into the water table.

The nation's 83 million cars use 60% of the air pollution in cities. Fully aware of the pressure to reform, Detroit will introduce 1971 models that exhale only 17% as much carbon monoxide as did 1960 models. To achieve this, however, requires increased engine heat, which in turn will increase the nitrogen oxide emissions. And nitrogen oxides are particularly dangerous, under

which sits in a smoggy bowl that often contains only 300 ft. of air. Almost every other day, the city's public schools forbid children to exercise lest they breathe too deeply.

California is a blessed state—young, aggressive, progressive. And yet it is rapidly losing many of its best natural qualities through heedless exploitation of its resources. Among its problems is **OPEN SPACE**. Every year, Greater Los Angeles' growth consumes 70 sq mi of open land. Not only is prime farmland taken out of production, but it is also developed in an inefficient way; the term "slurp" was coined in California to describe sleazy, sprawling subdivisions. By planning ahead, much land can be preserved, with houses and services concentrated between green belts. But Californians, like all Americans, have a record of acting for their own benefit only after the damage is done.

SALINITY. The Imperial Valley has perhaps the richest farmland in the nation, producing five or six bumper crops



The price of progress is seen in the befouled air over downtown St. Louis (left), the radioactive cloud over the Yucca Flats atomic testing ground, the oil-soaked, dying seals at Santa Barbara.

a year. The valley's intense irrigation, however, is raising the level of the water table to the bottom of the irrigation trenches. Salts are puffed to the surface—and salts do not evaporate. In time, the soil becomes too saline to support normal crops.

FERTILIZERS To boost crop production, nitrogen fertilizers are spread liberally on California's superb farm lands. Just as people get hooked on drugs, so the soil seems to become addicted to chemical additives and loses its ability to fix its own nitrogen. As a result, more and more fertilizer has to be used. What makes the problem doubly serious is that the nitrates eventually turn up in the water supply, where they endanger human health.

WASTES Each of California's 18.5 million residents throws away 20 lbs. of solid wastes per day—an amount that in a year would make a wall 100 ft. wide by 30 ft. high stretching from Oregon to Mexico. Most of the garbage is buried in landfills, but space is running out, and there is no state or regional au-

thority to coordinate solutions. San Francisco now plans to pay the town of Mountain View \$2 per ton to accept 2,000 tons of solid wastes a day. The arrangement stops when Mountain View's marshes are filled, in about six years. After that, nobody is quite sure what to do.

When the Snow Fell Black

The U.S. is far from alone in these battles with pollution and waste. The smog in Tokyo is so dense that some residents are asking Is it worth owning a car when there is no blue sky to drive it under? The tidy Swiss are horrified to discover that their three crystalline lakes—Geneva, Constance and Neuchâtel—are turning murky with effluent from littoral cities and industries; the trout and perch in them are nearly gone. In Italy, trash is neatly collected in plastic bags and then thrown like confetti over the landscape. Norway's legendary fjords are awash with stinking cakes of solid wastes.

Pollution respects no political bound-

aries. The Rhine flows 821 miles past the potash mines of Alsace, through the industrial Ruhr Valley to the North Sea. Known as "Europe's sewer," the river is so toxic that even hardy eels have difficulty surviving. The Dutch, who live at the river's mouth, have a stoic slogan "Holland is the rubbish bin of the world." In Sweden, when black snow fell on the province of Småland, authorities suspected that thick soot had wafted from across the sea.

Where do most of the pollutants end up? Probably in the oceans, which cover 70% of the globe. Yet even the oceans can absorb only so much filth; many ecologists are worried about the effects on phytoplankton. If the supertanker *Torrey Canyon* had leaked herbicides rather than oil, the spillage would have wiped out all plankton life in the North Sea. Other ecologists fear that the oceans will become so burdened with noxious wastes that they will lose their vast power of self-purification.

The famed French marine biologist, Alain Bombard, says that the sea can

POLLUTION is not only unhealthy but expensive. It destroys crops, depreciates property, discourages economic development, raises municipal bills (and often taxes), and creates countless hazards whose cost is impossible to compute. Yet all the evidence indicates that letting pollution continue would be more expensive than spending the money needed to curb it. To save the U.S. from becoming a malodorous wasteland, experts agree, will cost nearly \$100 billion in the next five years. About \$30 billion of that will be required merely to halt pollution of the nation's waterways. The probable cost of cleaning up the air that Americans breathe is an astronomical \$60 billion over a five-year period.

A major share of this cleanup cost would have to be met by the Government. U.S. cities and towns will need \$10 billion by 1975 just to meet cur-

rent water quality standards, plus an additional \$6 billion to build and repair sewer lines under city streets. It will take even more for municipalities to go further and separate the main and storm sewers that now flow together to contribute so heavily to the pollution problem. This would push the total cost to \$50 billion.

By comparison, industry could stop polluting the water for a relatively small cost. A surprisingly low \$3 billion is all it would take if plants and factories were required to install waste-treatment facilities sufficient to meet existing water standards. A total of only \$2 billion would pay for cooling towers to prevent thermal pollution, and \$6 billion would bring sediment and acid mine drainage under control. The price of eliminating industrially caused air pol-

Cleaning Up the National Mess

lution is somewhat higher because the job must be done on a regular basis. Estimates are that it would cost \$600 million a year to curb the sulfur dioxide emitted from power plants and another \$100 million annually to clean up other industrial air pollution.

Some steps are already being taken to meet these bills. New York State has \$130 million worth of municipal waste-treatment facilities in operation, another \$834 million worth under construction. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware have joined with the Federal Government to form the Delaware River Basin Commission. They have enlisted the cooperation of nearly 100 firms and municipalities, including Du Pont, Rohm & Haas and Sun Oil, in a \$500 million effort to clean up an 85-mile stretch of the Del-



The worst pollutants, because of their ubiquity, are auto exhaust in car-choked cities like Osaka, Japan (above), and pesticides, such as these being sprayed over U.S. farmlands.

handle human sewage. "But," he adds, "this process of purification is easily and seriously disrupted by the introduction of the chemical byproducts of civilization." Near Marseille, a pair of big aluminum refineries each day discharge 6,000 tons of a red sediment into the Mediterranean. Though 80% of it funnels into a deep submarine trench, the remainder settles elsewhere on the bottom. "The problem," says Bombard, "is that this waste, though not toxic in itself, blankets and kills all living things. Moreover, this is an area where it is essential to have living water to purify the sewage of Marseille."

Some environmental experts visualize future dramas of disaster that seem to border on science fiction. A few scientists feel that the outpouring of carbon dioxide, mainly from industry, is forming an invisible global filter in the atmosphere. This filter may act like a greenhouse, transparent to sunlight but opaque to heat radiation bouncing off the earth. In theory, the planet will warm up. The icecaps will melt, the

oceans will rise by 60 ft. drowning the world's coastal cities.

Other scientists argue the exact opposite: they point out that the earth's average temperature has dropped by .2 C. since 1945, though the carbon dioxide content of the air keeps increasing every year. To explain this phenomenon, many ecologists think that various particles in the atmosphere are reflecting sunlight away from the earth, thus cooling the planet. Since about 31% of the world's surface is covered by low clouds, increasing this cover to 36% through pollution would drop the temperature about 4° C.—enough to start a return to the ice age.

The Earth Shudders

This is no idle speculation. Various experts feel that major volcanic eruptions in the past have thrust enough particles into the air to affect global climate. When Krakatoa exploded in 1883, the temperature at the surface of the earth was reduced for several years. The new worry, though, is that such particles

will not shower to the ground in rain or snow. The supersonic transport will fly at 60,000 ft., where there is no atmospheric turbulence or weather to bring pollutants down to earth. Even assuming that the plane has a fumeless engine, the water vapor in its exhaust may accumulate in the stratosphere, reflecting sunlight away from the earth.

Man's inadvertence has even upset the interior conditions of the earth's crust. One of the most respected U.S. geophysicists, Gordon J. F. MacDonald, reports that wherever huge dams are built, the earth starts shuddering. The enormous weight of the water in the reservoirs behind the dam puts a new stress on the subsurface strata, which are already in natural stress. In consequence, giant sections of the earth's crust sheer past one another and the earth quivers. MacDonald warns that earthquakes may result (and did near Denver) from one of the newest anti-pollution techniques: injecting liquid chemical wastes into deep wells.

If technology got man into this mess,

How Great the Cost? Who Will Pay?

aware estuary between the ocean and Trenton, N.J.

Business has begun to invest in environmental preservation, and some firms have found profits in combatting pollution. Zurn Industries, the chief consultant for the Delaware River project, sold nearly \$73 million worth of pollution-control equipment last year. Other firms have simply found it good policy to clean up after themselves. Kaiser Steel Corp. has spent \$30 million on air-pollution control and \$15 million on water-pollution control since it was established in 1942. Bethlehem Steel has earmarked 11% of its total capital expenditures for environmental control over the next five years.

As a way of encouraging industry to do more, President Nixon said last week, "To the extent possible, the price of

goods should be made to include the costs of producing and disposing of them without damage to the environment." A plan to do just that has been offered by Senator William Proxmire of Wisconsin. He proposes a system of "effluent charges" under which industries would pay by the pound for the pollutants they discharge into the water. His plan could provide the Government with both funds and leverage to combat pollution. Not only would effluent charges bring in an estimated \$1.5 billion a year, but, if set sufficiently high, they could make it less expensive for companies to clean up than to continue polluting. More industries might then reuse their waste materials, thus becoming more efficient and working toward the key goal of "recycling."

Whatever the method of financing,

the costs of any successful war on pollution will ultimately be borne by the individual taxpayer and consumer. Taxpayers will pay more for all Government programs, and consumers will eventually pay for all industry programs in the form of higher prices. But that burden is far from unbearable. The cost of building tertiary sewage treatment plants to cope with the phosphate-based detergents responsible for much of Lake Erie's pollution, for example, would come to \$230 million—a \$23 investment for each of the 10 million residents on the U.S. side of the Lake Erie basin. The \$700 million annual price tag for industrial and power-plant pollution would add mere 20¢ to 30¢ to most consumers' monthly electric bills. However unpopular such extra tariffs might be, the price is modest if it will buy the fresh air and clean water that is fast becoming only a memory in the U.S.

surely technology can get him out of it again. Not necessarily, argues Anthony Wiener of the Hudson Institute. Wiener sees technological man as the personification of Faust, endlessly pursuing the unattainable. "Our bargain with the Devil," he says, "is that we will figure out the consequences of whatever we do. We may have a 100% probability of solving all those problems as they arise. But as we solve them, we may find that our only remedies will create more of the same problems."

One example is the mighty Aswan High Dam project, built on the Upper Nile River with Soviet aid. When an international team of ecologists studied the effects of the dam, they were shocked. For one thing, waterweeds are clogging the shoreline of Lake Nasser behind the dam. The weeds may well speed evaporation through transpiration to the point where the lake lacks enough water to drive the gigantic generators.

Unexpected Side Effects

The dam has also stopped the flow of silt down the Nile, which in the past offset the natural erosion of the land from the Nile delta. As a result, downstream erosion may wash away as much productive farm land as is opened up by new irrigation systems around Lake Nasser. Without the nutrient rich silt reaching the Mediterranean, the Egyptian sardine catch declined from 18,000 tons in 1965 to 500 tons in 1968. As a final penalty, irrigation projects on the delta plain have allowed a moisture-loving snail to thrive. Since it carries schistosomiasis, most of the delta people have had that agonizing liver and intestinal disease.

An example closer to home though President Nixon prescribes an increased dose of technology to cure pollution, his medicine may well have side effects. Consider his \$10 billion plan to build new primary and secondary municipal water-treatment plants. While such plants do make water cleaner, they also have two serious faults. Unlike more expensive tertiary treatment plants, they do not exterminate man-killing viruses, like those that cause infectious hepatitis. They also convert organic waste into inorganic compounds, especially nitrates and phosphates. When these are pumped into rivers and lakes, they fertilize aquatic plants, which flourish and then die. Most of the dissolved oxygen in the water is used up when they decompose. As a result, lakes "die" in the sense that they become devoid of oxygen, bereft of fish, choked by weeds. In short, by solving one problem (dirty water), the sewage plants create another (eutrophication).

Behind the environmental crisis in the U.S. are a few deeply ingrained assumptions. One is that nature exists primarily for man to conquer. Many thinkers have traced the notion back to early Judaism and Christianity. *Genesis 1:26* is explicit on the point that God

gave man "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth." The ecological truth is quite different. The great early civilizations—Babylonian, Sumerian, Assyrian, Chinese, Indian and perhaps Mayan—over-exploited the basic resource of land. In the end, says LaMont Cole, "they just farmed themselves out of business."

Another ready assumption is that nature is endlessly bountiful. In fact, the supply of both land and resources is finite. Martin Litton, a director of the Sierra Club, says, "We are prospecting for the very last of our resources and using up the nonrenewable things many times faster than we are finding new ones." Litton reaches this alarmist con-



ACTIVIST PICKETING IN NEW YORK

clusion: "We've already run out of earth, and nothing we can do will keep humankind in existence for as long as another two centuries."

No less troubling is the belief that economic growth is worth any effort. Until recently, neither capitalist nor Communist seriously questioned the whirling-dervish doctrine that teaches, in René Dubos' words, "Produce more than you can consume so that you can produce more." This leads to ecological mismanagement. For example, says Barry Commoner, "Every day we produce 11,000 calories of food per capita in the U.S. We need only 2,500 calories." At the same time, while most of Latin America is suffering from protein deficiency, the U.S. is taking thousands of tons of protein-rich anchovies from the Humboldt Current off Peru

and Chile. The anchovies are ground up for chicken feed in Arkansas—food energy that could have gone more wisely to hungry human beings. Worse, some of the fish meal is made into cat food. "And," says Commoner, "we don't even eat the cats!"

What most appalls ecologists is that technological man is so ignorant of his impact. Writing in *Foreign Affairs*, Britain's Lord Ritchie-Calder recently pointed out that neither the politicians nor the physicists who developed the first atomic bomb were fully aware of the consequences of radioactive fallout. The men who designed the automobile helped to annihilate distance as a barrier between men. Yet the car's very success is turning cities into parking lots and destroying greenery in favor of highways all over the world. Each year the U.S. alone paves over 1,000,000 acres of oxygen producing trees.

"Once you understand the problem," says Barry Commoner in one of his gloomier moments, "you find that it's worse than you ever expected." Yet even LaMont Cole, a charter member of the doomsday school of ecologists, is not entirely discouraged. "There has been so much progress in the past five years that if I'm not careful I'm liable to become a little optimistic."

There is certainly no lack of hopeful ideas for balancing the environment, and the most encouraging change to date is the groundswell of U.S. public opinion. The nation is at least starting to combat gross pollution. Even so, real solutions will be extremely difficult and expensive. To wean farmers away from pesticides and chemical fertilizers, for example, would cause at least a temporary decline in farm productivity and a hike in food prices. Fortunately, ecologists are developing reasonable replacements, there is nothing

wrong with organic fertilizers or the pre-chemical method of crop rotation. Much is also being learned about the biological control of pests. To kill the leaf hopper *Direkella*, which destroys grapes and is now immune to DDT, California ecologists have employed a tiny wasp—and the cost of controlling leaf hoppers has declined by 87% since the wasp buzzed into action.

Ideally, the entire environment should be subjected to computer analysis and systems control. Whole cities and industries could measure their inputs and outputs via air, land and water. By making cost-benefit choices—for example, between new plants and old marshes—they could balance the system. But this is a far-off dream. Far more knowledge is needed about how ecosystems work. Even the simplest is so complex

that the largest computer cannot fully unravel it. Yet a promising start is being made in Colorado, where Ecologist George Van Dyne is running a key project under the International Biological Program to discover how a grasslands ecosystem responds to various stresses. Van Dyne and 80 other scientists are trailing every imaginable creature on the Western prairie and gathering data for a computer-modeling scheme that may become a landmark in ecological forecasting.

Government's first priority is to enact environmental standards—and then enforce the law. Regulatory agencies should do far more to assess new products and policies before they harm man and nature. At all levels, governments must join in regional attacks on air and river pollution that cross political boundaries. At the federal level, the maze of agencies with conflicting environmental responsibilities must be reordered. While the Agriculture Department pays farmers to drain wetlands, for example, the Interior Department pays to preserve them. Worse, the farm-subsidy program encourages the misuse of toxic chemicals, one-crop farming that destroys ecological diversity, and mechanization that drives jobless rural laborers into packed cities. Federal highway builders, the Army Corps of Engineers—all such official land-abusers—need restraining in ecological values.

To relieve city congestion, Washington should subsidize more new towns and rural redevelopment. Especially in a technological society that so burdens nature, it should do more to limit population. It is obvious that few Americans will imitate Paul R. Ehrlich and some of his young disciples, who have tried to set a dramatic example by having vasectomies. Instead, the Government might well offer new incentives: bigger tax deductions for small families and even singles, for example, or higher old-age benefits for couples who have no more than two children. If all parents had two children, the U.S. population would remain stable.

Industry has a vital role: first to minimize pollution, and then to work toward recycling all wastes (see box, page 60). There is profit in the process. Paper, glass, and scrap copper have long been re-used. Fly ash can be recaptured and pressed into building blocks; reclaimed sulfur dioxide could ease the global sulfur shortage. The oil industry could do a profound service for smoggy cities by removing the lead from gasoline (motorists would pay 2¢ more per gallon). The packaging industry would benefit all America by switching to materials that rot—fast. By one es-

timate, burning scrap paper and garbage in efficient incinerators could generate 10% of the nation's electricity. Such incinerators already provide central steam heating for Paris. To be sure, big changes might raise consumer prices and cut profits. But businessmen should also consider a greater profit: reviving the environment.

Basic to all solutions is the need for a new way of thinking. So far, the key to so-called progress has been man's ability to focus his energies on a single problem, whether fighting a war or going to the moon. But thinking in compartments is the road to environmental disaster. Americans must view the world in terms of unities rather than units. To recognize the interdependence of all crea-



Milk in Such Containers May Be Unfit for Human Consumption

DOT Content: 10 to 30 Parts per Million in Milk of Nursing Mothers
2 to 6 Times the Amount Allowed in Milk for Commercial Sale.

PROTEST POSTER IN CALIFORNIA

tures is to see all kinds of follies—from the one-occupant cars that choke highways to the tax policies that discourage mass transit and land preservation.

The biggest need may be a change in values; the whole environmental problem stems from a dedication to infinite growth on a finite planet. Pessimists argue that only a catastrophe can change that attitude—too late. By contrast, Barry Commoner and others put their faith in man's ability to reform when confronted by compelling facts. It is also possible that ecologists can eventually stir enough people to an emotion as old as man—exaltation. Ecology, the subversive science, enriches man's perceptions, his vision, his concept of reality. In nature, many may find the model they need to cherish. The question is: How many?

MILESTONES

Died. Hal March, 49, Broadway actor, one-time quizmaster on the infamous TV giveaway show *The \$64,000 Question*; of pneumonia following the removal of a cancerous lung; in Los Angeles. A journeyman actor when he took over *Question* in 1955, March stayed with the show for three years before quitting in favor of a Broadway career. He had no connection with the 1959 quiz scandals, and went on to success as the star of the 1961 comedy *Come Blow Your Horn*.

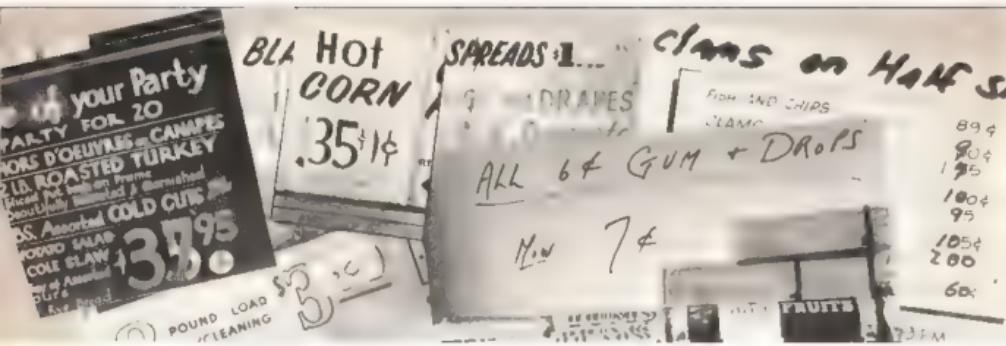
Died. James B. Donovan, 53, New York lawyer who negotiated the trade of convicted Soviet Spy Rudolf Abel for U-2 Pilot Francis Gary Powers, of a heart attack; in Brooklyn. Appointed to defend Abel at his 1957 trial, Donovan convinced U.S. authorities it was in their interest to spare the agent's life and use him as trade bait, after Powers was captured, his proposition paid off. During 1962-63 he also negotiated the release of 9,700 Bay of Pigs prisoners, their relatives and other political hostages.

Died. Don Carlos de Beistegui, 75, Spanish playboy and jet set superhost: of a heart disease; in Montfort-l'Amaury, France. Heir to ever-producing Mexican silver mines, Beistegui squandered fortunes on incredibly lavish parties—most notably in 1951, when at a cost of \$750,000 he restored Venice's 89-room Palazzo Labia, gilded it with an estimated \$3,000,000 worth of period trappings, then treated 1,500 friends to a stupendous all-night bash.

Died. George M. Humphrey, 79, one-time board chairman of M. A. Hanna Co. and Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury from 1953 to 1957, of a heart attack, in Cleveland. Conservative in economics as well as politics, Humphrey, upon taking office, demanded and won the right to review all federal projects, then labored to implement Republican promises of a balanced budget by paring spending. He also made comprehensive tax cuts totaling \$7.4 billion in the first year alone.

Died. Odie R. Seagraves, 83, big-time wheeler-dealer, even by Texas standards; by defenestration; from an eighth floor hotel room, in Dallas. Seagraves spent his life putting together deals, borrowing millions to make millions, then trading it all to cover overborrowing on other deals. By 1929 he had made and lost \$20 million in natural gas speculation, subsequently ran up fortunes in oil and sulphur. But in the end he lost it all (an estimated \$150 million), and died virtually broke.

Died. David O. McKay, 96, supreme spiritual leader of the world's 3,000,000 Mormons (see RELIGION).



BUSINESS

The Rising Attack on "Nixonomics"

THE only way to stop inflation, President Nixon's economists have tirelessly insisted, is to follow a deflationary policy that will produce a slowdown in business. They have now achieved the slowdown. Indeed the U.S. may well be in the early stages of a recession—but inflation seems to be speeding up. In December, when industrial production fell for the fifth straight month and housing starts slumped to the lowest point in two years, the consumer price index jumped at an annual rate of 7.2%—its fastest advance since last June. Millions of Americans are suffering from the one-two punch of an inflationary recession. While prices continue to rise, as the altered signs in the picture above show, cutbacks in factory hours have reduced the average take-home pay of a production worker. He now has less buying power than he had four years ago.

"Our policy is working," says Treasury Secretary David Kennedy, echoing the Administration's official line. In his view, it is only a matter of time before price increases become fewer and smaller. Paul McCracken, the President's chief economist, argues that the U.S. can still avoid a recession. Many bankers and businessmen agree, though quite a few of them would not be overly displeased to see a recession. Increasingly the argument is being heard in boardrooms that employees have become too demanding, too casual in their attitudes toward performance and productivity—and that a recession would alleviate many of these problems. Only a few conservatives used to whisper that "a little more unemployment would be good for the country" but more and more businessmen are saying it out loud.

Naturally, not everyone agrees. While the Administration continues to counsel patience with its policies, economists have begun to wonder whether there may not be a better way to stop inflation and its related woes. In sum, is a recession really necessary?

There is no doubt that the U.S. could stop inflation cold if it really wanted to. Some economists, notably including Arthur Okun and Walter Heller, point out that many basic prices would come down quickly and sharply if the Government eliminated most farm-price supports, oil-import quotas, fair trade laws and tariffs. The U.S. could also strike a mighty blow against inflation if it attacked union apprenticeship rules, which limit the supply and drive up the wages of skilled craftsmen. Economists conclude that such structural changes are

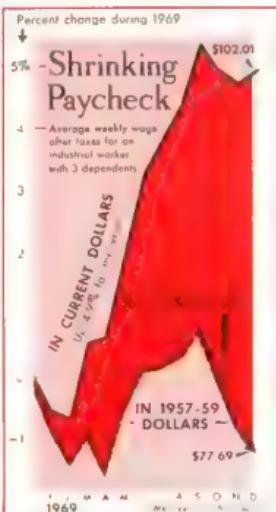
* Both one-time chairmen of the President's Council of Economic Advisers and both members of TIME's Board of Economists

politically difficult if not impossible to enact. Still, the Government could change some policies that actually promote inflation. At a time of sharp increases in food prices, the Agriculture Department early this month asked Florida growers to set marketing quotas for themselves in order to keep the price of tomatoes up. The Johnson Administration pressured European and Japanese steelmakers to impose "voluntary" quotas on their exports to the U.S., and the Nixon Administration has maintained those quotas. Partly because of them, some U.S. steelmakers raised prices last week without much fear that customers would turn to cheaper imports.

Within the Administration, there is some talk about loosening the steel-import quotas. Hendrik Houthakker, a member of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, has been recommending that the U.S. also allow more oil and beef imports to enter. On the other hand, Nixon is committed to limiting the imports of textiles, and he does not seem ready to take big steps toward freer trade.

Jawboning and Arm Twisting. A number of critics have been urging the Administration to abandon its hands-off policy toward specific wage and price increases. Robert Roosa, the former Treasury Under Secretary who is now a partner in Brown Bros. Harriman, makes the extreme proposal that Nixon should appeal for a six-month voluntary freeze on all wages, prices and dividends. He argues that inflationary psychology has become so deeply ingrained that it will not be wiped out by a business slowdown "unless it reaches the disastrous scale of a depression."

Other critics, not going that far, nonetheless maintain that much could be accomplished by a return to the old wage-price guidelines. Advocates admit that the guidelines collapsed while the Johnson Administration pushed a clearly inflationary budget policy, but assert that



they would be much more effective when combined with the present credit curbs and tight budget. Heller suggests that Nixon set up a "watchdog" agency in which business and labor leaders would join in setting "ground rules" for what might be acceptable wage and price increases. He also urges that Nixon adopt the policy of "phone calls, behind-the-scenes confrontations and friendly arm twisting" that Lyndon Johnson followed. Okun claims that such methods would be effective in preventing price increases in concentrated industries like steel, copper, aluminum, autos and oil.

The Administration vehemently rejects wage-price guidelines as ineffective, inequitable and incompatible with free-market principles. It also rejects Johnson-style jawboning and arm twisting though Nixon has addressed general admonitions to businessmen and labor leaders to be more responsible. But "Nixonomics" must soon produce a measurable slowing of price increases to remain a viable political strategy during an election year. Most politicians agree that inflation is shaping up as the No. 1 election issue. The Democrats so far have been unable to capitalize on the public unease created by the threat of an inflationary recession, largely because they have lacked any real alternative for fighting price rises. Nixon's critics are providing them with at least the beginnings of such a program.

AIRLINES

Mating Season

Flamboyant O. Roy Chalk has made millions in Manhattan real estate, but as a transportation magnate he has sometimes spun his wheels. He failed in a bid to buy the New York City subway system some years ago, and the deteriorating bus service provided by his D.C. Transit System has annoyed Washingtonians. He founded Trans Caribbean Airways in 1945 and has since run it as a family company; his wife is secretary and interior decorator, his brother-in-law is executive vice president and a son-in-law is a director. The line lost money heavily last year, and Chalk has for some time been trying to sell it. Last week American Airlines agreed to purchase Trans Caribbean for about \$18 million worth of stock.

Many Routes, Few Flights. Trans Caribbean pioneered low-fare service between New York and San Juan, in 1958 it became the first and only U.S. airline to make the jump from nonstop to scheduled carrier. But in recent years it has lost so much traffic to Pan American and Eastern that it has been able to fill only 7.1% of its first-class seats and 58.5% of those in the coach section. Since 1968, Trans Caribbean has picked up new routes to the Virgin Islands, Haiti and the Netherlands Antilles. It has been unable to exploit these routes fully because its fleet consists of only nine jets. In the twelve months ending Nov. 30, Trans Carib-

bean actually flew only 81% of its scheduled aircraft miles. Many flights were cancelled for mechanical reasons or because of bad weather.

Chalk's line, which flies only out of New York, Newark and Washington, sorely needs the traffic that American can generate for it. By taking over Trans Caribbean's routes, American plans to fly vacationers from such cities as Boston, Chicago and Detroit to the Caribbean rather than making them transfer to other lines at coastal airports. The addition of Trans Caribbean would also make American, which hopes to begin flights to Hawaii and the South Pacific this year, a two-ocean airline.

Big Share. The proposed merger continues a movement toward airline consolidations that began in November, when Northwest and Northeast Airlines agreed on the first major merger since 1961. If the Government allows American to buy out Trans Caribbean, Chalk will become probably the largest individual shareholder in American. He would get approximately 245,000 common shares, based on his last reported Trans Caribbean holdings. That would easily be enough to entitle him to a seat on the American board. Airline men think, however, that Chalk has had about enough of transportation ventures and will devote himself mostly to his other interests, which include radio and television stations and newspapers.

Jumbo and the Gremlins

Pan American executives knew that they would run into all sorts of problems in getting their 747 jumbo jets through what airmen call a new plane's "learning curve," and they tried to anticipate as many as possible (TIME cover, Jan. 19). But a variety of major and minor difficulties, some of which could hardly have been anticipated, last week turned the 747's first commercial flight from New York to London into an alternately frustrating and funny experience for the 352 passengers.

Engine Trouble. First off, the main portside door in the forward economy-class cabin refused to close. Operated by compressed air, it jammed when a late-arriving passenger interrupted its automatic closing cycle, and mechanics had to labor for half an hour to reset the system. The 747 was taxiing away from the terminal when a sudden gust of wind blew directly in the exhaust vent of the right outboard engine, causing the fuel to flare up and overheat the engine. The plane had to be brought back to the terminal, and Pan Am rushed to roll out the only other service-ready 747 to take over the flight. "It's marvelous," said Mrs. David Susskind, wife of the TV producer. "A dozen bathrooms and no engines." The switch involved painting out the name *Clipper Victor* on the second 747's nose and replacing it with *Clipper Young America*, the grounded plane's name.

At 1:50 a.m. Thursday—15 minutes after the flight had originally been sched-

uled to land in London—the passengers, minus 20 dropouts, finally took off. The flight lasted 6½ hours, about 20 minutes less than the same trip in a Boeing 707 or Douglas DC-8. In the air, passengers found the 747 to be comfortable, quiet and smooth riding. At London's Heathrow Airport, baggage handlers who had managed to unload a 747 in 18 minutes in an early test took almost 45 minutes to do the job for real.

More Space. Problems with 747 service continued at week's end. A later takeoff was delayed almost five hours by trouble in the compressed-air system. In Washington, Federal Aviation Administration officials took note of an other complication caused by the 747's

size: *Plane Areas*



747'S FIRST-CLASS LOUNGE
A switch in planes.

bulk. Because of swirling air currents that the plane leaves in its wake, the FAA ordered controllers to keep 747s two to three times the normal distance away from other planes in the air, horizontally and vertically.

Of course, these are the kind of gremlins that infest almost any new airliner in its early service, and there is little doubt that most of them will soon be overcome. For example, Pratt & Whitney engineers quickly came up with recommendations for avoiding the engine trouble that delayed the inaugural flight. This problem occurs only rarely and is not dangerous. The engineers suggested that airlines have a man in the 747 cockpit watch the engine temperature gauges continuously during taxiing. If engine overheating is noticed immediately, they say, the pilot can shut down and restart the engines before they are damaged. Pratt & Whitney men think that no major modification of the engines themselves will be needed.

The Martin Era

DURING his unprecedented 19 years as chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, William McChesney Martin left a formidable imprint on the life of the U.S. Now the chief guardian of the nation's money and regulator of its credit has served as long as the law allows. This week at 63, the world's most powerful banker will retire.

The Martin era has included two wars, three recessions, the greatest economic advance in the nation's history and—much to Martin's dismay—what he calls "the worst inflation since the Civil War." His policies have affected all of them, often in controversial fashion. He was assailed for contributing to recessions by restricting credit too severely and accused of fostering inflation by loosening the reins too much. Politicians berated him for keeping interest rates too high and economists faulted him for not allowing the supply of money to grow in proportion to the nation's volume of business.

Party Spoiler. A stubborn, honest and puritanically forthright man, Martin liked to explain that the Reserve Board's unpopular actions arose out of its necessary role of "leaning against the wind." He said "I'm the fellow who takes away the punch bowl just when the party is getting good." (Martin is a teetotaler.) Above all, he defended the integrity of the U.S. dollar at home and abroad though he and the board lacked the power to do the job effectively alone. Despite today's inflation, he succeeded well enough so that the dollar has lost less of its purchasing power since 1951 than the currency of any other major industrial country except West Germany.

Among the world's central bankers, Martin symbolized the nation's financial conscience. In times of crisis, when balance of payments deficits threatened to start a run on the U.S. stock of gold, foreign moneymen repeatedly said that Martin's reassuring presence was worth \$1 billion to U.S. reserves. Some Washington experts believe that European bankers could have pushed through an increase in the price of gold, which would have amounted to a devaluation of the dollar, if Martin had not skillfully resisted the move for years.

Boy Wonder. The son of a longtime chief executive of the St. Louis Federal Reserve Bank, Martin literally learned the language of central banking as a child. He majored in Latin and English at Yale ('28) but decided to go to work as a stockbroker. Having helped

to lead a successful fight for trading reforms at the New York Stock Exchange, he became its president at 31 and won renown as "the boy wonder of Wall Street." Drafted into the Army in 1941, he rose from buck private to colonel. After World War II, he took the post of chairman of the Export-Import Bank, and three years later was named Assistant Secretary of the Treasury by fellow Missourian Harry Truman. In 1951 Democrat Martin was handed the job of dissolving the wartime shotgun marriage of the Treasury and the Federal Reserve. Though created as an independent agency, the board was being forced to underwrite the Treasury's easy-money policies by supporting the price of Government bonds at their face value.



FEDERAL RESERVE'S MARTIN
Low pressure and high principle.

The effect was to make the board an engine of inflation. Martin negotiated the famed "accord" by which the Federal Reserve regained its freedom to let Treasury securities find their own price level in the marketplace. Impressed by Martin's intelligence, Truman named him to the chairmanship of the Reserve Board.

Martin ran the Reserve with a deft mixture of low pressure and high principle. At the outset, the board contained more than its share of political hacks, partly because it is difficult to recruit front-rank experts for a seven-member committee. "There were times when I think Martin fell lonely being one of the few members of the board who really understood what was going on," says former Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon. If so, the chairman's patience never faltered. Board members marveled at his ability, by force of judgment and persuasive personality, to

win a consensus from the often divided committees that shape Reserve policy. A craggy but boyish-looking man before time furrowed his features, imperturbable under pressure, Martin also disarmed his adversaries with a Mona Lisa-like smile. "You can't get mad at him," says one of his fellow governors.

Flexible Policies. Though he had a reputation as an inflexible champion of hard money, Martin astutely flexed his policies according to his view of current needs. When John Kennedy and Economist Walter Heller brought the New Economics to Washington, Martin's board supported maximum growth by allowing a record expansion of credit. When Lyndon Johnson shied away from higher taxes to pay for the Viet Nam War, Martin correctly sensed the inflationary danger. He not only persuaded the board in 1965 to raise the cost and shrink the supply of money, but refused to back down despite L.B.J.'s personal and public protests. Though fully aware of the inflationary danger, Johnson reappointed Martin to his fifth term as chairman.

Lately, the board's clumsiness in fighting inflation has tarnished Martin's stature. The board constricted the money supply so sharply in 1966 that the move almost caused a financial panic and helped bring on the 1967 minirecession. In 1968, as Martin admits, the board erred by relaxing credit restraint in the mistaken (though widely held) belief that the income-tax surcharge would quickly cool off the economy.

A Place in History. Martin's successor, Arthur Burns, may well push for less reliance on credit adjustments and more reliance on tax and budget restraint if only because he feels that the Federal Reserve has been asked to bear too large a burden in fighting inflation. As for Martin's own future, the retiring chairman has made no decisions yet, beyond planning a long vacation. Whatever he does, his place in history seems assured. His adroit leadership helped to change the Reserve Board from a cloistered temple of orthodoxy to an institution responsive to national and social goals. For all the political tantrums he provoked, Bill Martin has been the pivotal economic figure of two tumultuous decades.

MONEY

New Ways to Get More

Institutions are so money-hungry that the U.S. is likely to face a chronic shortage of capital throughout the new decade. The pent-up demand for funds—to finance hospitals, schools, airports, highways, pollution control, business enterprises and especially housing—presents a tidal wave of borrowing in the years ahead. Last week the demand reshaped the patterns of saving and borrowing money in two ways.

Something for Savers. To help banks and savings-and-loan associations stem a worrisome outflow of funds, the Government raised the maximum interest

rates that they can pay to depositors. On ordinary savings accounts, the ceiling went up from 4% to 4½% for commercial banks and from 4½% to 5% for S & Ls. At the same time, Washington perpetuated a dubious double standard by which the rich can earn more with their money than can citizens of modest means. Banks and S & Ls were empowered to pay up to 7½% interest on certificates of deposit of \$100,000 or more held for a year or longer. For smaller sums, the Government authorized a complex array of rates varying from 4½% to 6%.

The moves were intended to help thrift institutions share some of the funds that have been going into such enticing outlets as commercial paper (8½%), Government bonds (8%) or Eurodollars (9%). The chief effect is likely to be a small rise in passbook savings, though such accounts still do not pay enough to make up for the erosion of inflation.

Bell Ringer. Even the executives of the world's biggest company figured that they might have some trouble in raising all the funds that their firm needs from its usual source, the bond market. American Telephone & Telegraph Co., therefore, broke with recent tradition in an effort to secure \$3.1 billion for the expansion and improvement of its rapidly deteriorating service. Ma Bell offered its giant family of 3,100,000 stockholders a total of \$1.57 billion of 30-year debentures, plus warrants entitling them to buy some 31 million A T & T shares. At last week's closing price of 48½, the warrants, when exercised, would bring the company another \$1.53 billion.

The Bell package, the largest corporate financing in history, intrigued Wall Street for several reasons. Though the interest rate on the \$100 debentures has not yet been set, A T & T made it clear that the return will be enticing to little savers who are disenchanted with the yields available from savings accounts. The debentures may pay interest in excess of 8%. Because A T & T is the dowager queen of the investment world, its action promises to make warrants a more popular and respectable way for blue-chip companies to raise money. For years, the New York Stock Exchange has barred trading in warrants on the ground that they are too speculative; the Big Board may now liberalize that policy.

Despite the 6% dilution of A T & T stock that the deal may cause, it was ingeniously devised to minimize its effect on the A T & T common, which has been mired for months at a price some 35% below its 1964 peak of \$75. Each \$100 debenture will come with a warrant usable from six months to 4½ years later to buy two A T & T shares, thus stretching the dilution far into the future. As Bell officials must have hoped, the stock lost only a fraction of a point after the big news last week, even though the stock market as a whole slumped

RAILROADS

The Passenger Nightmare

This winter, commuting to Manhattan and Philadelphia has turned from a burden into a nightmare. Almost every working day, thousands of passengers shiver in the unheated and unlighted cars of stalled trains, while others wait on windy platforms for trains that never arrive or are from 30 minutes to three hours late. The crisis has produced protest meetings and a threat by the New York Public Service Commission to file suit against the Penn Central Railroad for inept performance. It has also cost businesses millions of dollars in lost man-hours and added to the general malaise of city life.

Stuart T. Saunders, chairman of Penn Central, which runs most of the commuter lines into Manhattan and Phil-

adelphia and more than one-third of all the passenger trains in the U.S., offers no hope of improvement without Government help. "To reverse the deterioration of passenger service," he says, "we must have substantial assistance."

Merger Confusion. The railway men have no shortage of excuses. For years, the rising losses on passengers were partly offset by profits from freight. But the freight business was hit hard by the merger two years ago between the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. The two railroads had separate freight



CRAMMED COMMUTERS ON THE PENN CENTRAL
No hope of improvement.

adelphia and more than one-third of all the passenger trains in the U.S., offers no hope of improvement without Government help. "To reverse the deterioration of passenger service," he says, "we must have substantial assistance."

Real Estate Riches. Last week the Department of Transportation proposed a Comsat-type public corporation called Railpax, which would take over commuter and other passenger trains. But there is considerable doubt whether the Administration will endorse the Government subsidies that Railpax needs.

Penn Central executives contend that their line lost \$73 million on passengers in the first nine months of 1969. The company will show an estimated \$30 million in consolidated profit for the year, largely from its rich real estate operations; earnings will be down from \$90 million in 1968. The Penn Central's \$6.5 billion assets include four Manhattan hotels and a 24% interest

yards in many cities, and in the post-merger confusion thousands of cars went to the wrong yards, causing costly tangles. The merger was also accompanied by the abrasive sound of personalities grating on each other: the scramble for a declining number of management jobs is not yet over. Since the tie-up, about 700 surplus executives have retired.

The costs of the merger were wildly miscalculated, and Penn Central is still trying to devise a computer-based information system to keep managers up-to-date on all of its activities. It also suffers from an archaic labor contract, under which an engineer is paid for a day's work for every 100 miles that he travels: if he rides the high-speed Metroliner, for example, he gets 4½ days pay (\$111) for each round trip from Washington to New York. The railroad chiefs complain that they cannot afford to buy enough costly new passenger cars.

Still, those obvious problems do not

excuse the Penn Central for failing to live up to its responsibility to give the public at least decent service for the money that it collects. If the nation's largest railroad is unable or unwilling to provide that service, there is a strong argument for bringing in a higher authority. The U.S. is the only major industrial nation that does not give massive government aid to passenger railroads. The much-envied railways (of such nations as Germany, Italy and France) are either state-owned or subsidized. Railpax may not be the solution for the woes of the long-suffering U.S. passenger, but it would be a start in the right direction.

ADVERTISING

An International Network

So many U.S. advertising agencies have crowded into Europe that late starters have a hard time finding a place in the crowd. Still, the 20th biggest U.S. agency last week joined with the largest agency in France and the second largest one in Britain to form an international advertising network. Manhattan-based Needham Harper & Steers, which had billings last year of \$115 million, made the deal with Britain's S. H. Benson and France's Univas, the international arm of Havas Conseil. While they did not merge, they created a company called Benson Needham Univas, or BNU. Its \$300 million in combined billings is expected to make it the largest ad network in Europe and the tenth largest in the world.

The deal was signed in Manhattan by the three agencies' chiefs: Needham Harper's Paul Harper, Havas Conseil's Jacques Doucet and S. H. Benson's E. W. ("Micky") Barnes. Though each company will retain its name in its

home country, it will operate under the BNU banner in foreign markets. Plans call for each agency to buy an estimated 20% share in the equity of the other two and to exchange some directors with each. Marketing information will be traded on an unusually broad scale among BNU's 49 global offices, and there will be regular exchanges of research, media and creative specialists. The new venture is the most striking example yet of the fast-growing trend toward large multinational groupings in advertising.

For Needham Harper, whose accounts include Campbell Soup and Xerox, the new arrangement formalizes a three-year affiliation with S. H. Benson, which has offices in London and throughout the Commonwealth. Havas Conseil is an attractive partner, partly because its parent company, Agence Havas, is 56% owned by the French government. In France close ties to the top can be an asset for any newcomer attempting to traverse the bureaucratic maze. Through a subsidiary, the French agency also has exclusive contracts to operate in the Soviet Union, East Germany and Yugoslavia. That arrangement will give Needham Harper an entry into the still primitive but potentially important advertising fields of Eastern Europe.

ENTREPRENEURS

A Stunning Coup

Howard S. Levin opened his small fist and a cascade of varicolored business cards fluttered onto his luncheon table. One card identified him as president of Levin-Townsend Computer Corp. Others proclaimed separately that he headed three affiliates: Las Vegas' Bonanza Hotel & Casino, National Equities Inc and Levin-Townsend Service Corp. "Take them," he told TIME Correspondent Rudolph Rauch last week. "They are all obsolete."

In a corporate coup organized with stunning secrecy, 45-year-old Levin had been bounced from the presidency of Levin-Townsend Computer, a seven-year-old leasing company that aspired to become a conglomerate. As Levin tells the story, he went to a board meeting in Manhattan after Co-Founder James E. Townsend had told him that there would be no agenda. "Suddenly," says Levin, "there was an agenda and a motion removing me as president." It carried 4-2, and Levin trudged back to his office—which he says he found locked and watched by security guards.

A Fling on Broadway. In 1962 Levin, who once taught college mathematics courses, teamed up with Townsend, a former Union Carbide executive, in creating a company to buy computers from IBM and lease them to users at a discount. The firm prospered, and Levin began spreading into the far-off fields of restaurant franchising, real estate and Nevada gambling, in which he had no real management experience. After Levin-Townsend bought the Bonanza Hotel



HOWARD LEVIN
Out in the cold.

last March, Levin got into what gambling authorities described as a "childish feud" with Nathan S. Jacobson, who owned an important minority share in the hotel and held its gaming and liquor licenses. Las Vegas says that the squabble intensified when Jacobson tried to fire Patty Miller, a blonde secretary whom Levin later made the hotel's administrative assistant. (Another secretary, Carol Parks, became Levin-Townsend treasurer, but was turned out in the cold last week with Levin.) Levin-Townsend even played angel to two Broadway musicals, *Maggie Flynn* and *The Fig Leaves Are Falling*—both resounding flops.

Entrepreneurs who have dealt with Levin say that he rammed through several acquisitions without consulting any of his directors. Levin concedes that "maybe I made some mistakes," but insists that directors were fully informed and made no objections. The acquisitions generally expanded Levin-Townsend's revenues but did nothing for profits. Sales in the first half of the company's 1970 fiscal year, ended last September, rose to \$3.3 million from \$2.3 million a year earlier, but profits dropped to \$3.6 million from \$5.2 million. The company is expected to report a loss for the Dec. 31 quarter, and its stock has tumbled from a 1969 high of \$58 to \$13 last week.

Wall Streeters expect Levin, who owns 9% of Levin-Townsend stock, to start a proxy fight. He speaks with patronizing contempt of the executives who dismissed him. Of onetime friend Townsend he says: "Jim could implement that which I could conceive." With MacArthur-like resolve, Levin vows, "I will be back."



DOUCET, HARPER & BARNES
A place in the crowd.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY

\$75,000,000

8 1/8% Sinking Fund Debentures due January 15, 1990

Price 100%

Plus accrued interest from January 15, 1970

\$125,000,000

8 1/4% Notes due January 15, 1974

Price 100.17%

Plus accrued interest from January 15, 1970

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Dillon, Read & Co. Inc.

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Walston & Co., Inc.

Deutsche Bank

Abtengen, Schulte

Dominick & Dominick

incorporated

Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis

Wertheim & Co.

White, Weld & Co.

Wood, Struthers & Winthrop Inc.

Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

Blyth & Co., Inc.

Glore Forgan Staats

incorporated

Kidder, Peabody & Co.

incorporated

Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis

Paribas Corporation

incorporated

A. G. Becker & Co.

incorporated

Dominick & Dominick

incorporated

Piper, Jaffray & Hopwood

incorporated

**A whole carton
of Carlton
has less "tar"
than three packs
of the largest
selling
filter king.***



*4.5 MG vs 20.9 MG PER CIGARETTE
Source: latest U.S. Government figures

CINEMA

The Lion in Autumn

Anne of the Thousand Days appears to have been made for one person—the Queen of England. Though it exhibits its royalty rampant on a field of anguish, the film provides a thoroughly upbeat ending. Cannons resound as Queen Anne Boleyn is beheaded. Henry VIII hears the signal, puts spur to horse and gallops off to "Mistress Seymour's house!" All the while, the future Virgin Queen placidly wanders the palace gardens, toddling toward history. The monarchical fevers are burning out, and England, booms the sound track, is ready for the high triumphs of Elizabeth Regina.

It is a story fit for the second Elizabeth, though it has perhaps one in nor

The Private Life of Henry VIII, starring Charles Laughton rumbustiously chomping up silversides of beef and dialogue. It was a superior treatment of the same subject in every sense save one. As the current Anne Boleyn, Geneviève Bujold refuses to accept the facile role of the wronged woman. Starting as a beautiful child, she contrives to catch the conscience and the passion of the King. With growing eroticism—and ironclad chastity she reduces the monarch to pawn size, forces him to divorce Katherine of Spain and take her as his Queen. But, like Katherine, she is natively undone. England needs a future king. The old Queen produced stillborn princes. The new one gives birth to a live female and a dead male. Enraged, Henry VIII rigs charges of adultery against Anne and dooms her to the Tower of London and the headsman.

It would have been easy to play the spider ensnared by her own web, but Bujold knows better. In her "doleful prison," she suddenly appears as the real Anne must have been: a clever child who grew in stature not in the brilliance of her court but in the shade of her executioner. The performance establishes the star, but not her setting. A great King may be enough to restore a country; a noble Queen is insufficient to save a base film.

Ugly Marriage

Early one workday morning, a middle-aged housewife staggers downstairs, still half asleep, tying a well-worn tartan bathrobe around her. "Hey, honey," her bright-eyed husband calls from the top of the landing, "would you mind starting my eggs?" She nods, smiling slightly. "Hey," he says again, cutely. "I love you. Obviously this marriage is in trouble.

Or more obviously, Writer-Director Richard Brooks thinks it is. Exactly why is never made clear, which is the crucial trouble with *The Happy Ending*. The lady in question is Mary Wilson (Jean Simmons), who has been married for well over a decade to an enterprising Denver lawyer named Fred Wilson (John Forsythe). Soon after the breakfast scene, Mary is revealed to be an alcoholic, pill-popping neurotic who flies off to the Bahamas to calm her tortured soul. Providing some salve under the sun are an old college buddy turned mistress-for-hire (Shirley Jones) and her latest beau (Lloyd Bridges), who watch benignly as Mary succumbs to the blithesome blandishments of an aging gigolo (Bobby—pardon, Robert—Darin). Refreshed and renewed, Mary returns to Denver and informs her husband that she is leaving home for good.

What drove Mary to this sort of behavior is tritely hinted at: the boozey infidelities of suburbia, the shattering of some romantic girlhood dreams, the pa-



BURTON & BUJOLD IN 'ANNE
Every other inch a king.'

fault, the first two hours. In adapting Maxwell Anderson's pretentious free-verse play, the film makers have resurrected clichés that have lain dormant for decades. There are "get-out-of-my-sight" scenes that have not been witnessed since Bette Davis hung up her spites. There are pseudo profundities that recall the worst of *The Lion in Winter*: "I am the King of England, when I pray, God answers." Even the costumes are exaggerated. Lest the audience miss the villainous character of Cardinal Wolsey (Anthony Quayle), he is wrapped in a satanic scarlet no vicar ever wore on earth.

Ironclad Chastity. As the autumnal Henry, Richard Burton is every other inch a king. In appearance he is as scruffy as a knave, his justly celebrated voice is restricted to self-analytical lists. I'm bitter. I'm envious. I'm dangerous. I'm malicious." Quite. But regal? Not quite.

Throughout the film, audiences may be reminded of a late-show favorite,

We accommodate.



Accommodation is the
strength of Illinois.
The accommodate population
of the state is now
the largest in the
country. Illinois
continues to grow.

Illinois is the most
populated state in
the nation, and
is the third largest
state in the country.

Population is 22 million
and growing. Illinois
continues to attract
people. While the
economy is down in the
country, Illinois is

booming. Illinois
is the second largest
economy in the country.
Illinois is the third
largest state in
the country. Illinois
continues to grow.

Illinois is the second
largest state in the
country. Illinois
continues to grow.
Illinois is the second
largest state in the
country. Illinois
continues to grow.

Illinois is the second
largest state in the
country. Illinois
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country. Illinois
continues to grow.
Illinois is the second
largest state in the
country. Illinois
continues to grow.

THE NEW ILLINOIS

A new television series



An unprecedented adventure in preschool learning

An entertaining new daily, hour-long educational series for children aged 3 through 5.

Television is a powerful teacher. It has taught your youngster what it can't reach for. What the chocolate drink jars look like. What toy jets and rockets look like.

Now it is going to teach her how to read, to spell, and

analyze them at the same time.

For an hour every day, Monday through Friday, *SESAME STREET* will bring you and your preschooler into a 2,000,000 preschool room across the nation.

Helping your child learn the alphabet and to recognize numbers. Showing how to handle two hands - when to hold a pencil, how to hold a spoon, how to hold a fork and a knife. What to do and say when the teacher asks a question. And how to respond.

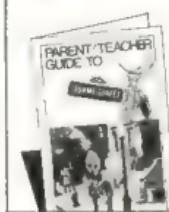
Helping your child learn to talk. The first words and names. About nature, about animals, about how we live, about how we learn, about how we play.

SESAME STREET can make television a valuable learning Medium. It is created by the nation's leading educators and developmentalists. It is designed to teach your child with all his senses. The first preschoolers to have been part of *SESAME STREET* are learning English, Spanish, French, German, Italian, and Japanese. And they are learning to read, to write, to count, to add, to subtract, to multiply, to divide, to read, to write, to count, to add, to subtract, to multiply, to divide, and to sing a schmied.

SESAME STREET is produced by The Children's Television Workshop and is funded primarily by grants from Carnegie Corporation, the Ford Foundation, the U.S. Office of Education, and the State of Michigan.



Check your
newspaper for
the exact time and
educational
television channel.



YOU CAN HELP YOUR CHILD PARTICIPATE FULLY AND ACTIVELY

The Children's Television Workshop is publishing a monthly GUIDE FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS. The subscription price is \$10.00 a year, \$2.00 a copy. \$5.00 and \$10.00 for the GUIDE alone. A check for \$2.00 will entitle you to a child's one-month *SESAME STREET* subscription. A check for \$10.00 will entitle you to a one-year subscription. To receive all 12 issues, send your check to: Money Order to

Children's Television Workshop,
Box 96707 S., P.O. Box 35177,

rade of horror every night on the late news. What is stressed, underscored and bludgeoned home is the general ugliness of married life. Brooks just cannot let it alone. Add to this a generous quota of misogyny (lots of beauty parlor closeups of fat thighs, wrinkled faces, and housewives struggling into girdles), and the result is a film as misguided and one-sided as the marriage it struggles to portray.

Forget the Alamo

Texas has often been funny. Mexicans have sometimes been good for a laugh. National Guard veterans can usually provide a chuckle or two. So can militant right-wingers, harassed sheriffs and discombobulated diplomats. Even the Alamo could be funny. But *Viva Mex*, which is about all these things, manages to be funny about none of them.

Not, of course, for lack of trying. A ragtag unit of the Mexican army led by General Maximilian Rodriguez de Santos (Peter Ustinov) and Sergeant Valdez (John Astin), struggle across the U.S.-Mexican border, looking simultaneously tired and suspicious. General Max and a sad sack adjutant hijack a car full of gringo tourists and scout the territory. They return to the troops, and in a matter of seconds there is an irregular unit of the Mexican army charging through today's downtown San Antonio on its way to reclaim the Alamo.

Director Jerry Paris manages to ignore whatever humor there is in this situation. Ustinov is merely gross in the title role, Astin looks unhappy, and most of the supporting players—including Pamela Tiffin and Keenan Wynn—wince along with them. Jonathan Winters, as Custer, Billy Joe H. Hause, secondhand matress-savvyman and head of the San Antonio unit of the Texas National Guard, has a couple of good stumblebum comic moments, as does Kenneth Mars playing a Texas Minuteman. But even they can do nothing about the witless dialogue and rapid plotting, which lace the comic moments in *Viva Mex* with all the kick of day-old cerveza.

Fallen Angel on Location

The Indian maiden struggles and writhes beneath the U.S. cavalrymen. When the rape is over, a trooper unsheathes his Bowie knife and cuts off one of her breasts. The soldiers use it as a ball, batting it around with their rifles.

Even the Sharon Tate murderers might have blanched at such a scene—but Ralph Nelson rushes in where cultists fear to tread. In the Mexican Sierras, he is directing *Soldier Blue*, a film that he modestly describes as "my commentary on war." To shatter any lingering suspense he is against it. As proof, he is making possibly the most gut-clutching film in history. Based on the Sand Creek Massacre, a notorious 1864 slaughter of Cheyenne warriors, women and children, *Soldier Blue* is a congeries of atrocities.

In one scene, a Union cavalryman

cuts off a Cheyenne's arms, then shoots an old Indian directly in the eye. In another, a wagon runs over a child's legs, severing them with gushes of blood. To provide authenticity for the movie's numerous mutilations, Nelson has hired adult and child amputees. Do-gooders who worry about the misuse of underage amateurs may or may not be soothed by Nelson's reassurances: "We made specific arrangements with the psychologist in charge of the children to make sure we were not going to give them any psychological traumas that they would have to live with the rest of their lives."

No psychologist will be supplied for audiences. They will watch Actor Peter Strauss throw up violently onscreen, a scene that Nelson oversaw with the lapidary instruction: "When you get rid of it all, heavier with the dry heaves." The



BERGEN & LIMB IN 'SOLDIER BLUE'
No psychologist for the crowd

film's only known star is Candice Bergen, a sometime article writer whose empathy for Indians antedates the film by several years. "The only reason I wanted to do this film," she says, "was because this is the first script I have read where the Indian was not saying 'How' and running around committing atrocities." Evidently she never saw John Ford's 1964 *Cheyenne Autumn*, or Abraham Polonsky's current *Willie Boy*, but when you finally and fully realize that Custer died for your sins, a few innocent films must fall.

Perhaps the greatest violence of *Soldier Blue* is done offscreen—to Director Nelson's image. Five years ago, a righteous Hollywood organization entitled Operation Moral Upgrade awarded him a halo-shaped pin for his work on *Lies of the Field*, which featured Sidney Poitier and a gaggle of fluttering nuns. "Apparently," Nelson says, "Mrs. Van New Kirk, the head of the group, recently saw an article about this film. I got a horrible letter drumming me out of the corps. I am no longer an angel. I consider it an honor."

\$3,685 Buys a Fortune in Manufacturing

It buys a full-page ad in FORTUNE MFG—the edition that reaches 130,000 subscribers exclusively in manufacturing. Pinpoint coverage made possible by FORTUNE's computerized subscriber identification system. The FORTUNE MFG audience is almost totally comprised of management men 35 percent top management, 52 percent middle management.

This newest FORTUNE availability attracted 465 pages of advertising in its first year. And the pace keeps picking up. FORTUNE MFG is already a key element in the 1970 corporate and divisional advertising plans of many leading companies. Why not check into its advantages. You can buy it alone, or split-run with the full-run FORTUNE.

For more information, contact your FORTUNE representative.

BOOKS

Unholy Trinity

IN TRANSIT by Brigid Brophy. 230 pages Putnam, \$5.95

Brigid Brophy, the Irish controversialist, classics scholar, champion of animal rights and vegetarian, continues her war on the 20th century. *In Transit*, her sixth novel, takes the fight underground, where it is more likely to be seen. The book is a highly cerebral contrivance that cannibalizes such literary conceits as puns, anagrams, typographical innovations, styles of alienation and cultural shock. These are then excreted as parodic wastes, which, in turn, become a further source of nourishment. With such transcendent offal-

of atrocities: a TV quiz show whose panel attempt to discover the favorite perversions of its guests; lesbian and youth rebellions; a nun hunt, and a plane crash engineered to secure human organs for transplants. In such an environment rationalism mutates into absurd rationalization. Like rebellious cancer cells, words metastasize into puns and compound forms that lead destructive lives of their own.

Naturally enough, one of the many sponsors of *In Transit* is James Joyce, "my great Triestine compatriot, the comelchameleon, the old pun geni" himself. The punning and the aesthetic trinity of Evelyn Hilary, the fictional "I" and Miss Brophy herself persist with vengeful logic to the very end. There, on the last page, the author signs off with a drawing of a fish with the word *fin* on its fin. Does it mean the end, or does Miss Brophy expect us to follow indefinitely in Finnegans wake like so many gulls?

Is Blindness Best?

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF MR JIVEASS NIGGER by Cecil Brown. 213 pages Farber, Streus & Giroux \$5.50

FRAGMENTS by Ayi Kwei Armah. 287 pages Houghton Mifflin \$5.95

The new Jew in literature is black. The community of shared pain and perception that has informed the sensibilities of Jewish writers is now said to exist in its own cultural terms for the Negro writer. Two successful new novels by young black authors, each one showing different styles and talents, provide fresh proof of the assertion. The artistic concern of both is grounded on particular black responses to the universal quest for identity.

Cecil Brown, 26, and Ayi Kwei Armah, 29, have Ivy League backgrounds (Columbia, Harvard), but they are more different than alike. Brown was born in North Carolina, where at 15 he was sharecropping five acres. Armah is a Ghanaian who returned to Africa after college to write Brown's character, "Mr Jiveass Nigger," is really named George Washington. A black boy on a trip to Copenhagen, he is so busy hustling the world that he has forgotten whether there is anything inside his put-on. Armah's gentle protagonist, Baako Onipa, is a "been-to"—Ghanian who has returned from abroad—who finds that, while he has been learning to reject the jive of commercial civilization, the disease has taken corrupting root in his homeland. What links the two disparate men is their common discovery that there inside do not match the externals of their world.

Busy Bed. Since he is a black George Washington, Jiveass naturally can only tell lies. "I jive people if I don't trust them, see," he explains to a friend. And he cannot trust anyone. Distrustful and predatory, he cannot bring himself



BRIGID BROPHY
In Finnegans wake

ness, Miss Brophy seeks a form suited to her view of the times.

Her central conception is impressive enough. The modern world is an airport waiting room, "one of the rare places where twentieth-century design is happy with its own style." Life beneath this vaulted metaphor is amorphous, ambiguous, oysterous. Culture, history, psychology, and even physiology are hopelessly confused.

So is Evelyn Hilary O'Rooley, the novel's bifocal, bivocal, bisexual narrator. Although E.H.O.R. can be anagrammed as HERO, the character is doubtful of its gender. Most accurately, (s)he is Miss Brophy's way of saying "I." It is a mock "I," however. As Miss Brophy notes in an aside, "I'm playing games, like a painter who includes in his picture a mirror in which he shows himself standing outside the picture painting it."

In the world-as-airport, Evelyn-Hilary-Brophy—"I" fails in with a number

to tell even one person his right name. What he can bring himself to do is go to bed with everything female he sees. It is his chief way of relating because it is his most effective form of combat. The black lover is a true warrior, he tells himself, and "fighting every day with the foreknowledge that he can never be the victor makes him victorious every moment of his life."

But, like every good jiver, he also has a deep streak of charm, and so does Author Brown. Taking the reader into his confidence in an extraordinary postscript, Brown suggests that the whole book is a jiver's joke. George may be a caricature of the white man's mythical black, the hustling swordsman who alone can bring true safety to a woman. On the other hand, Brown addresses George in the postscript, too, saying, "You think that your acts have been lies, but you



CECIL BROWN
No insides for the externals.

need to realize that your creator is not some white man, but a black brother, a Nigger, a jiveass very much like yourself." Whatever else it does or does not do, Brown's tall tale definitely proves that rippling waters can also run deep.

Franfie and Longuid. Armah's fiction is stiffer and clearer. His second novel, *Fragments*, is set at a lower voltage than *The Beautiful Ones Are Not Yet Born*, his first novel about the failure of revolution to inspire his fellow Ghanaians. But contempt for his countrymen still seethes, this time because they are corruptly devoted to cars, tape recorders and neon "WELLCOME" signs at airports. Baako, his fragile hero, cannot adjust to such trinket worship. His sister's premature baby dies when the family too quickly presents it at an outdoor festival because they are anxious for the traditional gifts of money. At his job as a writer for Ghana-vision, he finds that there are only funds enough to buy TV sets for big shots and to produce documentaries

glorifying the country's President. A truck driver he encounters is so desperate at the thought of losing a day's pay that he jams onto the last run of a ferry; it is so overloaded that the movement from the dock jolts him and his truck into the river, where he drowns.

Oppressed by such signs of avarice, Baako's mind cracks in a long, brilliant scene that is at once frantic and languid. Armah unwinds the entire story slowly, circling the fragments of Baako's breakdown with the sureness of an African tribal dance that seems always on the edge of monotony, yet is continually closing on the climax. For Baako, too, there is a circling. First he approaches nearer and nearer to a knowledge of what lies at his center of being. Then he is literally and figuratively encircled by others like a mad dog. In an Ibsenian ending, when he finds his truth he is left alone at its center, insane in the eyes of everyone around him.

It is, ultimately, Baako's refusal to jive that finally confirms his insanity. But what is the alternative? When George Washington decides at the end of his story to return to the U.S., he boasts, "If you're black you don't need to get at anything. You're already there. You can live right out of your insides." But Brown doesn't believe that for a moment, and neither will George after he gets home. The only answer may be the one offered by Baako's blind 80-year-old grandmother. If she had not given up trying to see order and direction in the world, she explains, she would have added to the pain of her blindness by going mad. "Do I not remember how like a captured beast I was," she says, "when I had not understood that I could understand no more?"

Swinging the Cat

COSMOS by Witold Gombrowicz. 166 pages. Grove, \$5.

It's bering. Berging with my bamberry with all the bamberry of my bamberry.

Bering or, just possibly, Bunburying. It is 70 years since John Worthing went Bunburying in Wilde's comic masterpiece, *The Importance of Being Earnest*. Onstage, Bunburying is such a mischievous male lark that, as Auden puts it, "Whenever I see or read the play, I always wish I did not know what I do about Wilde's life at the time he was writing it." Bunburying was shorthand for a visit to a fashionable London male whorehouse, and Bunburying, or bering—the disguise of homosexual material in literature—is still a common phenomenon in this outspoken age.

It is also easy to spot: the voyeurs, the bitchy domestic debaters, the dealers in rites and perversions are often stand-ins for unexpressed sexuality.

One of the more skilled practitioners of the sexual shell game was Witold Gombrowicz, a Polish writer who spent



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JACKET OF "COSMOS"
Sexual shelf game.

much of his adult life in Argentina, totally unknown to the world. He died at 64 in France last year, after enjoying a muffled underground explosion of fame. *Cosmos* won the \$20,000 International Prize for Literature. It is an achingly attenuated suspense story—except that it turns out that there is no object to the chase, no rich cache of contraband drugs, no key diplomatic documents and no blondes. Just a hanged sparrow, a hanged cat, a mysterious bit of wood suspended in a shawl, and, finally, a hanged man whose death is as meaningless as the cat's.

The discoverer of these pitiful caskets is Witold, a dour, perverted student who, with an equally jittery friend, has decided to board in the country while studying for exams. They tramp along a road in stifling heat until they encounter the hanged sparrow. As if it were a signal, they check into the next house with a guest sign. There are no other guests, only a retired bank manager named Leo Wojtys, his wife, his daughter and her new husband and, for that obligatory grace note, a deformed servant.

Spontaneous Combustion. The neurasthenic students sit through unsettling dinners and spend the rest of their time finding unsettling "clues." But to what? Though the final horror is foreshadowed, the psychic answer comes halfway through the book. Upset by noises and "arrows" that he thinks he sees in the ceiling cracks, Witold goes out at night, climbs a tree in the front yard and watches the daughter and her husband preparing for bed. On his way back to his room, he strangles and hangs her cat.

The household is aghast, but it is fair to assume that one member is not mystified at all. Shortly afterward, Leo corners Witold and lets him know that he is quite aware of the young man's obsession with his daughter—and quite satisfied. As it happens, behind his cherished respectability he himself has led a secret phantasy life. "Bergitthis and

bergpenalties awarded by the High Court," he crows. "Bergpunishments inflicted by the local penal authorities and bergithitis awarded by the department of caresses and delights."

When Witold asks him who gets these rewards and punishments, there is no reply, but at the end of the excursion one of the party is dead and another ostracized. Witold's swinging the cat is the only attributable crime in the book. The rest is the result of spontaneous combustion among darkly hidden obsessions.

Mental Demolitions. To write such a demented little tale without being either boring or ridiculous requires craftsmanship at the level of near-wizardry. Gombrowicz had it, and enjoyed deploying it on the invisible swirling storms that start in the mind. In *Ferdydurke*, his best-known novel, a 30-year-old man is possessed by a mad professor who succeeds in turning him back into an adolescent. *Pornografia* is an unholy four-way murder plot in which two middle-aged bachelors and a pair of young lovers collaborate. Gombrowicz's mental demolitions take place in the framework of a stillness and normality that recall Kafka, but there is no suggestion of a living nightmare. Instead, Gombrowicz's possessed creatures seem to derive their inspiration from bad dreams and, like infernal missionaries, set about molding the real world to their own image.

Own That Unlovely War

THE PEOPLE'S WAR, BRITAIN 1939-1945 by Angus Calder. 656 pages. Pantheon. \$8.95.

In the Century of the Common Man, the grandeur and miseries of war were extended to more and more of the hitherto underprivileged. The guns of August (1914) ushered in universal conscription to sustain the mass armies. The warplanes of 1939 ensured a mass distribution of war to civilians—sadly changed from keeping the home fires burning to putting them out. Such thoughts are provoked by Angus Calder's *The People's War*.

The title is just. For the British, this was not so much a war of pitched battles between armies as it was of ertsatz eggs, smashed plumbing, maimed children and "austerity"—general misery that is orchestrated by enemy bombs and British bureaucrats. The 67 pictures that serve as illustrations to the book will be emotive to the older generation in Britain and should be informative to the young everywhere. Calder himself is young. He was born in 1942, not far removed from Britain's "finest hour," according to Churchill. The calculative eye of history, however, might identify it as Britain's most miserable hour since the Black Death some 600 years earlier.

Sense of Community. Calder ably combines the methods of the journalist, historian, sociologist, researcher, polemicist and commentator to tell how it was to

be a British civilian in Hitler's war. The cumulative effect is occasionally overwhelming. The innocent bystander (if 25 years' distance makes the reader innocent) picks his way through the human rubble of five ruinous years of war and still wonders how the British managed to "take it." The impression is clear, though, that only a people long nourished by a willingness to "put up with things" and a strong sense of community could have done so.

Along with everything else that he does, Calder is a part-time poet. But re-created memories of his nation under the bombs do not inspire him to poetry. Indeed, there was precious little "war poetry" from World War II. Calder lets World War I Poet Robert Graves explain why: the soldier "cannot feel that his rendezvous with death is more certain than that of his Aunt Fanny, the fire-watcher."

The absence of poetics—and heroics—seems appropriate, but the reader is warned that Calder's historic rehash is served up with the left hand. Tories are the villains—for Munich, for building the wrong sort of planes, for sheer Blimpishness. The fact that the Labor Party kept on thinking that it could have peace and disarmament is barely mentioned. Such partisanship ill becomes a study that ends with the Empire overseas liquidated to the tune of 4,000 million pounds sterling, 500,000 dwellings smashed, 355,000 dead (62,000 of them civilians), more rationing looming up, and "with spirit and flesh rebelling against further effort." A more fitting and more sensible attitude was struck by the old Tory Churchill when, after the people's war, the people voted him out of office. "Ingratitude," suggested his physician, Lord Moran. "Oh, no," Churchill answered at once. "I wouldn't call it that. They have had a very hard time."

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Godfather*, Puzo (2 last week)
2. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (1)
3. *The House on the Strand*, du Maurier (3)
4. *The Inheritors*, Robbins (4)
5. *Puppet on a Chain*, MacLean (7)
6. *The Gong That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, Breslin (10)
7. *Fire from Heaven*, Renault (6)
8. *The Seven Minutes*, Wallace (5)
9. *In This House of Brede*, Godden (8)
10. *The Shivering Sands*, Holt (9)

NONFICTION

1. *The Selling of the President 1968*, McGinniss (1)
2. *The Peter Principle*, Peter and Hull (3)
3. *Poison at the Creation*, Acheson (2)
4. *Mary Queen of Scots*, Fraser (4)
5. *The American Heritage Dictionary* (5)
6. *In Someone's Shadow*, McKuen
7. *The Graham Kerr Cookbook* (9)
8. *The Collapse of the Third Republic*, Shirer (7)
9. *Prime Time*, Kendrick (8)
10. *Ambassador's Journal*, Galbraith (6)

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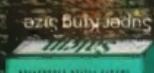


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